

Sports Illustrated

June 21, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

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Kansas City's George Brett



Cigarette Market Bombshell.

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"Low tar, good taste."

Others have made the claim. Philip Morris just made the cigarette

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After twelve years of intensive research, Philip Morris scientists isolated certain key ingredients in smoke that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

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Repeat: delivered more taste.

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You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough.

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MERIT. Unprecedented flavor at 9 mg. tar.

*American Institute of Consumer Opinion. Study available free on request. Philip Morris Inc., Richmond, Va. 23261.



MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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Brut 33 Olympic
Games Spokesman



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ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT

Titleist. When playing your best is all that counts.



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Next Week

MARCHING ON GEORGIA are 150 golfers, each with one burning ambition—to win the U.S. Open at the Atlanta Athletic Club, where Bobby Jones once reigned. Dan Jenkins covers the battlefield.

THE MUNICH TRAGEDY is nearly four years old and now another Olympics approaches. E. L. Doctorow writes of three Israelis whose lives have been affected by that dreadful massacre.

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov 1976.

BOOKTALK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

CLOSEUPS OF A CUDDLY-LOOKING BAT AND A PRAYING MANTIS DINING ON A FLY

Probably few people—even among those who relish watching the *Philadelphus* Flyers—think they want to see a vivid full-color closeup of a raccoon eating frog's legs right off the frog. Or of ants crawling all over a narrow-mouthed toad that has squeezed itself into a rotting log in search of food that the ants found first. Or of the "grim but gaily colored fluting body" of a "killer fungus" whose mycelium has riddled an insect "deep in the galleries" of another rotting log. Or of a "little red wafter" parasite crawling about a *Pissulus* beetle's underside, "probably tapping the great beetle's plumbing at leisure." Or a praying mantis taking a long and apparently gratifying swig from the abdomen of a fly. Or of a paper wasp biting into a tent caterpillar, causing the latter's green blood to spurt.

But I—who flinch at the Flyers—have seen all these closeups, and I recommend them. All these and other intimate views of creatures usually glimpsed flitting or scurrying, if at all, are provided by the photographs and prose of *A Closer Look* (Sierra Club Books, \$14.95). Michael A. Godfrey, the non-academic naturalist who took the pictures and also wrote the text, has pried right into the thick of what he calls the "gustatory melée" that goes on ceaselessly in the average suburban backyard or wooded lot.

I knew there were strange things outside that I could see if I took the time, but I was not prepared for Godfrey's portrait of the "hot dog-sized" royal walnut caterpillar gliding out from somewhere beneath its false eyespots and its "antlers," which look to be nearly as big as McDonald's French fries. Then there is his study of a brown bat, which seems to be sitting for him the way Churchill sat for Karsh. The bat looks downright cuddly—furry head, cute ears, a twinkle in its small black eye—except for that pink open mouth and those small ported incisors, with that gap between them.

I do not know how Godfrey got such great shots. I do know he has spent a lot of time lying around in the near outdoors seeing far juicier collisions and richer interweavings than the rest of us have been seeing, lying about watching contact sports on TV. You can't bet, of course, on the ferment going on atop a bull thistle, among the long grasses or inside deadwood. You can't even root. But you can see wild action, organisms really going at it, and also webs shining with bright round jewels of dew.

END

The natural gas shortage is critical: to you, your job, your way of life.



The natural gas shortage isn't just headlines and presidential speeches. It's something that could soon affect your life—if it hasn't already. Millions of jobs depend on a continued supply of natural gas.

America's industry depends on natural gas for half its energy.

That's nearly double the amount any other fuel supplies. Almost everything you use in your daily life is somehow related to natural gas. Gas also heats or cooks for forty million families. It's vital to get more.

There's a huge resource of natural gas in the U.S.

Geological studies show that America should have enough

gas to last us well into the twenty-first century. But this gas is under the frozen ice and snow of the Arctic. It's deep below the ocean floor. Locked in the tight rock formations of the Rocky Mountains. Hard to get, it is true, but there to be gotten.

Getting more gas can't wait any longer.

The gas industry is ready to invest billions of dollars in order to develop new gas supplies. But much of this work waits on the tough energy decisions America must make. And soon. We need your understanding and support to solve the critical gas shortage. And your help in saving gas. **AGA** American Gas Association 

What a way to



You're looking at some of the brands and names of companies that sell gasoline. Some people say oil companies are a monopoly. If so, it's the world's most inept "monopoly."

This "monopoly" is so inept that it offers the world's richest country some of the world's most inexpensive gasoline.

This "monopoly" is so inept that it lets everybody and his brother horn in on the action. Did you know that of the thousands of American oil companies, none has larger than an 8.5% share of the national gasoline market?

In fact, this "monopoly" is so inept that you probably wouldn't recognize that it is a monopoly

run a "monopoly!"



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

NON-BELLIGERENT

The National Hockey League's decision to crack down on fighting and related violence by introducing more stringent penalties, notably that a player who starts a fight will be summarily thrown out of the game, produced surprising approval from an unexpected source—Bobby Clarke, star center of the hard-hitting Philadelphia Flyers, president of the Players Association and three times the league's Most Valuable Player.

After the new rules were approved last week, Clarke told a group of sportswriters that his only objection was that the NHL had not gone far enough. Clarke felt the rules committee should have heeded the advice of the player representatives, who had voted 16-4 in favor of having all those who take part in any fight ejected from the game, not just the obvious aggressors. "Spontaneous" outbursts, in which two men flare up at one another, also will be tolerated.

"Hockey is good enough on its own that it doesn't need fighting," said Clarke, "yet apparently the owners and managers think the threat of violence is necessary to sell the game. But all the brawling hasn't made hockey popular. I know fans in Philadelphia—the best fans in the league now—who have been turned off by the mayhem. We've lost the TV *Game of the Week* in the States, and crowds are falling off. I think the message is there. I think hockey can be a lot better when you let the talented players perform without fear of getting worked over."

Clarke argued that if everyone were aware that all parties to a fight would be automatically ejected it would "prevent guys like Dave Schultz from trying to get a player like Guy Lafleur out of the game. This way, if Lafleur wants to, he can skate away with grace."

Scotty Morrison, the NHL's referee-in-chief, doubted that. "I don't think our current players are ready to turn the other cheek," he said.

Still, Clarke approved the new rules.

"I don't mind taking my hits in a game," he said, "but I don't appreciate it if a guy who scores five goals a season and is six inches taller than I am is beating on my head all night. Now the little guy will get a chance to play hockey again. Dave Schultz? Well, he's shown that he can play hockey, and now he'll have more of an opportunity because he won't be in the penalty box for 300 minutes a season."

UNHOLY ALLIANCE

The NCAA and the AAU have finally agreed on something. They both are mad at the President's Commission on Olympic Sports, which was created with the idea of bringing some sort of order and reason to the governing of amateur athletics in this country. "The AAU has accused us of favoring the NCAA," says Mike Harrigan, executive director of the commission, "and the NCAA says the commission is loaded in favor of the AAU."

Since a good many athletes and coaches are disenchanted with both the AAU and the NCAA, it follows that the President's Commission must be doing something right. We look forward with anticipation to the group's final report, due later this year.

HARRUMPH!

Calvin Griffith, famous for his tight-budget baseball operation with the old, old Washington Senators and more recently with the Minnesota Twins, fulminated at his fellow owners both before and after he traded away the Twins' pitching star Bert Blyleven because of what Griffith felt were outrageous salary demands. Blyleven wanted a \$1.2-million, four-year contract or a reasonable facsimile thereof, and Griffith told him to go make a deal for himself. To the press the Minnesota owner said, "Blyleven says he wants to play on the Coast but I imagine he'd play anywhere they're silly enough to pay him that much." The silly area was Texas, the Rangers agreeing to give Blyleven something like half a mil-

lion over three years. A few days later Griffith turned his fiscal attention to the situation in Boston, where despite the Red Sox reputation for high salaries Fred Lynn, Carlton Fisk and Rick Burleson remained unsigned. Showing little sympathy for the American League's defending champions, Griffith said, "Let's face it. People in my type of situation have always considered the Red Sox the team that screwed things up for everyone else the way they pay."

ALL IN FAVOR SAY EYES

What makes your eyes burn in a swimming pool? Too much chlorine, right? Wrong. It's too little chlorine. This intelligence is provided by Jack Nelson, the U.S. Olympic women's swimming team coach, writing in *The Swimming Times*, a British publication.

Nelson explains that there are two forms of chlorine. The first burns the eyes and has the smell we associate with chlo-



rine because it is combined with ammonia and nitrogen. The other form, which is nitrogen-free, destroys ammonia compounds, does not irritate the eyes and has no odor. According to Nelson, your eyes burn when there isn't enough free chlorine in the water to disintegrate the chlorine-ammonia compounds. Free chlorine also makes water pellucid by chemically destroying sweat, body oils and other substances that make water cloudy.

Simple? Well, no. And because the chemistry of pool water is so complicated, more and more swimming-pool operators are using automated devices that distinguish between "good" and "bad" chlorine and keep the "bad" under control by holding chlorine residuals at the right level.

continued

IBM Reports

Depersonalization and the computer

Most of us can't help feeling nostalgic for an earlier, simpler era when most of life's dealings were face-to-face.

But chaos would surely result if we tried to conduct all of our dealings that way today. There are just too many of us. We are too mobile. The things we do are too complex—and the pace of life too fast.

It would be hard to imagine using credit cards or confirming airline reservations, for example, without the help of computers. Yet undeniably, dealing with each other, often at great distance, with machines as intermediaries has brought with it an element of depersonalization that none of us welcomes.

Still, there are compensating benefits.

By handling routine matters routinely, computers free people to deal personally with exceptional cases—and to provide individual attention that is swift and informed.

Thoughtful computer users are programming special consideration into many computer-assisted transactions. For example, airline reservations systems can quickly arrange to meet the requirements of passengers who need a wheelchair or a special meal.

In classrooms, computer-assisted instruction permits students to make progress at their own pace, enabling teachers to give more individual attention.

And in hospitals, where personal attention is critical, computers are relieving nurses and doctors of much administrative detail, giving them more time to spend in caring for their patients.

In spite of such benefits, there is no question that giving individual attention to individual needs becomes increasingly difficult with each passing year. The real question, of course, is whether we all care enough to try.

Many organizations which use computers have shown that they do recognize the need to preserve these values and are doing something about it.

For our part, we at IBM are trying to help through the development of products that make it easier for computer users to deal with people as individuals.

IBM

A beneficial side effect of automated control is the astonishing clarity of the water. During the 1975 NCAA championships at Cleveland State University, TV cameras shooting through underwater windows picked up details in tiles 50 meters away. The Olympic pools at Montreal will be similarly automated, which should enhance the competition in the eyes of the beholders as well as in those of the swimmer.

SUPER BARGAIN

After Louisiana Administration Commissioner Charles Roemer revealed that two business groups had expressed interest in buying the Superdome, the following "real-estate ad" appeared in *agate* type on page one of the New Orleans *States-Item*:

"Custom-built home on corner lot in CBD [Central Business District], still good as new, located on 52 spacious acres, landscaped with 450 trees, 500 plants and 10,000 ground-cover plants—a gardener's delight. Must be seen to believe. Luxury multi-level home is place *elegante*. Need room for the kiddies? There are 64 private suites, 88 bathrooms and six giant-screen televisions to accommodate their every need. Parking garages *beaucoup*—5,000 of them in spin-level sections to allow your guests at your housewarming bash to exit in luxury. Thirty-two escalators and 10 elevators will carry you to every corner of your dream come true. For exercise, there are colorfully carpeted concourses and ramps, plus basketball court and football field. More than 15,000 lights will brighten up every day. A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. \$165-million—will accept offer. Contact Charles Roemer, State Division of Administration, Baton Rouge, for details. Immediate occupancy available."

Details might include the fact that the Superdome incurred a deficit of \$12 million in its first year of operation and that only a reshuffling of funds by Louisiana Governor Edwin W. Edwards kept the place open past April 1. Still, that might mean you could swing the deal for substantially less than the \$165 million the Supe cost to build. If you can just get your hands on a mortgage. . . .

YOU'RE THE TOP

A baseball statistic called Runs Produced, which first appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* 20 years ago, is based on the premise that runs are what count

continued

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Five years from now, all fine 35mm reflex cameras will offer the innovations these electronic Minoltas give you today. See them at your photo dealer or write for information to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.



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SCORECARD continued

most in baseball. The figure is arrived at by adding the runs a player scores to the runs he hits in and then subtracting from that amount the number of home runs he hits. Players at or near the top in Runs Produced invariably are the ones who win ball games, those who get on base and score, those who drive other base runners in. For example, last year's Runs Produced leaders were Joe Morgan of Cincinnati in the National League and Fred Lynn of Boston in the American. Not by coincidence, each was voted Most Valuable Player in his league, even though neither finished first in any of the so-called Triple Crown categories—batting average, home runs, runs batted in.

If you're wondering why the Reds are moving away from the pack, or why Texas and Kansas City are running one-two, here are this season's top Run Producers in each league, through games of last Friday.

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
GRIFFEY, CIN 85	MAYBERRY, KC 65
MORGAN, CIN 79	OTIS, KC 65
PEREZ, CIN 75	BURROUGHS, TEX 63
ROSE, CIN 72	CHAMBLISS, NY 62
SHMIDT, PHI 72	HARGROVE, TEX 62
	HISLE, MIN 62

ROCK BOTTOM

The bottom line has won out on California's Monterey Peninsula. Macadam cart paths have been laid alongside the fairways of the Pebble Beach Golf Links, one of the five or 10 greatest American golf courses and the site of the 1972 U.S. Open.

Like the other fine old courses, Pebble Beach is an unreproducible combination of unique landscape and inspired architecture, but unlike most of golf's shrines it is operated as part of a profit-making enterprise that includes the Del Monte Lodge and vast real estate holdings. Pebble Beach has shareholders rather than members. Therefore, when the problem of damage to the turf arose, as it always does where golf carts are used and play is heavy, the directors of the corporation chose the path of greatest profit. They retained the golf carts for the sake of their revenue (instead of expanding their caddy program) and installed hard surfaces for them to roll on (instead of, say, decomposed granite) because hard surfaces cost less to maintain.

No matter that hard paths can alter the configuration of a golf shot by causing a ball to ricochet or that they may require drops that can move the ball as much as five club lengths from where it originally came to rest. No matter that the aspect of a hole from its tee is a vital element of the game and was never intended to include a black stripe running up one side.

The deed is done. Perhaps the perpetrators did not understand that they were tampering with a national treasure. As a California observer spattered the other day, "They had a responsibility that transcended that damn bottom line."

STAR QUALITY

People are forever complaining about rotten shows that TV keeps on the air while it shoots down programs of superior quality. But evidence continues to come along to demonstrate that TV knows what it's doing, however awful that is. Viewers, baby. Ratings. Numbers. For instance, in Los Angeles a couple of weeks ago a tasteful telecast of a women's boxing match between Dianne Syverson and Princess Red Star—no, Muhammad Ali hasn't fought either of them yet—boosted ratings on station KCOP substantially and came close to matching the audience for an NBA play-off game on network TV the same night. And you wonder why *The Six Million Dollar Man* survives.

THEY SAID IT

- Tommy John, Los Angeles pitcher, after the Dodgers had been crushed by Philadelphia 14-2: "I think the Phillies have reached a point where they are now better than Cincinnati, but that's like comparing the atom bomb to the hydrogen bomb. They both kill you."
- David Pickett, of Northeast Louisiana University, who was picked ninth in the NBA draft by the Los Angeles Lakers: "I feel like I have just as good a chance as the first man chosen, and I'll be a lot less expensive."
- Joe Frazier, New York Met manager, chastising his slumping pitching ace Tom Seaver for boisterous behavior on the team bus: "You're talking 70 and shooting 90."
- George Foreman, before his bout with the other Joe Frazier: "Boxing is sort of like jazz. The better it is, the less amount of people can appreciate it."

END



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I enjoy smoking
and you don't?**

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In the final, Panatta's shuffling ground strokes and big serves buried the billy Solomon (right). Despite his relentless chugging and chasing.

PUTTING AWAY TWO BAGELS

Continuing a streak that began in the Italian Open, Adriano Panatta beat the Bagel Twins, Eddie Dibbs and Harold Solomon, to win the French Open

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

Somebody once said, "Playing Paris is like having your tonsils out: the sooner you get it over with, the better." At 18 Adriano Panatta had played Paris and won just seven games. That was sooner. Last week, at 25, he returned to Roland Garros Stadium as husband, father and the hero of his country, Italy, to win seven matches and, with the last one, the French Open. That was better.

Panatta's opponent in Sunday afternoon's three-hour final was America's own true-grit machine, Harold Solomon. Having won the Italian championship two weeks before after surviving 11



PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMYTAGE

win the third set 6-4. Then, behind 2-5 and 15-30, he battled back again to take the lead in the fourth, 6-5.

This was vintage Solomon—sprinting, chugging, covering all angles, whapping double-handers so they made the chalk fly. The yo-yo man won 12 straight points in one stretch, and Panatta admitted later he was "nervous for the first time in three weeks. I was going to win and then I see it slipping away and I know I lose."

That he didn't lose could be attributed to two courageous shots he had to make when confronted with saving the 12th game. At 30-all Panatta fired a cross-court forehand past Solomon to get to game point. Then when Solly played an overhead too safely, Panatta dug it

out on the forehand wing and flashed another winner by him for 6-all. His momentum gone, Solomon was swallowed up in the tie break, seven points to three—again by Panatta's wondrous serving.

"In important crisis one must take the risk," Panatta said. Alluding to the fiasco in Rome with Solomon, he said, "I get much satisfaction it was Harold I beat. Now everybody see I can win, you know, normal."

All Europe has been waiting for that. The son of a groundskeeper at the Parioli Club in Rome, Panatta has been Italy's No. 1 for six years, but because of his fun-loving, sun-loving nature he had not taken advantage of his considerable

continued

match points in one day, John Newcombe and Guillermo Vilas on other days and Solomon himself when the American was ahead but left the court in a dispute over a line call. Panatta was not taking any chances in Paris.

A handsome 6'2" stylist who combines deceptive power with marvelous touch, the Italian kept digging his huge serve into the copper dust of the center court at Roland Garros and skidding ground-stroke winners as he buried Solomon under easy 6-1, 6-4 sets. The 5'6" Marylander never surrenders, though, and he fought back from a 2-3, 0-40 deficit to





Fast Eddie Dibbs was too slow for Panatta.

TWO BAGELS *continued*

talent. Then came marriage to the beautiful Rosaria and with it an improved game. Last winter Panatta defeated Arthur Ashe and Jimmy Connors to win at Stockholm and fulfill the great expectations, and then came this month: Rome and the adoring roars of his compatriots followed by Paris and the championship of the whole continent.

"For my sentiment I prefer winning in Italy," Panatta said, "but for the records, ah, that must be France."

Quite apart from the foppish that has overtaken tennis, "the French," as the players refer to the event, remains one of the game's three most distinguished tournaments. It was the second stop on the Grand Slam route long before the Big Four turned into Caesars Palace, Avis Rent A Car, Commercial Union Assurance and The Bill Cosby Pro-Celeb jamboree invitational. It will be a fixture in the Slam long after the King Family Circus has folded up its Team Tennis tents.

With its 128-man draw, two-week schedule, best three-of-five sets format, slow, leaden balls and slower, soft dirt courts producing rallies that go on past dinner, the French is also the most difficult tournament in the world to win.

As temperatures soared above 100° and record crowds poured into Roland Garros from Avenues Gordon Bennett

and Porte d'Auteuil on the western outskirts of Paris, echoes and images of another time pervaded. Anyone with a sense of history could recognize this was a special place. Why right behind those petunia beds was where Suzanne Lenglen glided to some of her 19 French championships. Down in the main plaza was the huge *tableau des résultats* where sign-painters on ladders filled in the names of the legendary Four Musketeers. Over there were the bushy lanes and gravel walks on which Lacoste, Cochet, Brugnon and Borotra trod on the way to their 36 French titles. And just under that glorious chestnut tree—why surely that was where René Lacoste himself invented the Crocodile.

It was not so long ago that the only American in Paris who hoped to accomplish anything was Gene Kelly. Adjustments to time changes, tiny hotels, strange food, unfriendly crowds, language barriers and a totally different lifestyle doomed most Americans to early-round failure if they bothered to cross the ocean at all. In the half century since the French Open became an international event only five Americans have won—Don Budge, Don McNeill and Budge Patty (once each); Frank Parker and Tony Trabert (twice)—and few others have come close. But Solomon and his bagel twin, 5'7" Eddie Dibbs of Miami Beach, scoff at the notion that it takes five years for an American to acclimate himself to European clay. "My first year here just seemed to me like the first semester in college when you work your rear off to succeed," says Solly. "After that it was a piece of cake."

It was cake as well for England's 20-year-old Sue Barker, who went around carelessly beating a depleted women's field (thanks to Team Tennis) and saying how unsatisfying it was because she was in against "nobodies."

"I don't feel like I'm winning the French," she said. "I feel like I'm playing a B tournament and there's nobody to look forward to." She could not have appreciated a hassle over a point in her quarterfinal match against Regina Maršíková of Czechoslovakia when the umpire got into a furious argument with a spectator. The referee was summoned, television cameras and a microphone were brought onto the court, Czech coaches made some threatening advances, British newshounds wailed, ball boys

chattered and about 20 people engaged in a screaming and arm-waving competition around the net. Ah, Páree! In the finals, Barker beat Renata Tomáňová of Czechoslovakia 6-2, 0-6, 6-2.

The first round of men's play was enlivened by Panatta's standard act, his brush with match-point danger. This time his co-star was Pavel Hutka. Hutka is a slender, short-haired Czech, a basic European roadrunner except that he serves and smashes left-handed and hits everything else right-handed. Don't ask why.

With his head hardly clear from his spectacular victory at the Foro Italico in Rome only three days before, Panatta lost the fourth set 0-6 to the switch hitter. Twice in the fifth set Panatta was two points from defeat and once there was match point against him. Only a leaping backhand overhead off his racket frame and a diving backhand volley, again off the wood, saved the point, the set, the match (2-6, 6-2, 6-2, 0-6, 12-10) and, as it turned out, the tournament. "Every game I am saying to myself who cares about this guy? I win Rome," Panatta said afterward. "Then I say, come on, why not try?"

The second week in Paris ushered in the masses (attendance swelled to a final total of 135,000, about twice as many as in 1975). Monday was a religious holiday in France and François Jaffrès



day at Roland Garros. Half of Paris turned out to see their fading hero battle Bjorn Borg, the two-time defending champion, who had turned 20 the day before. Fourteen thousand were in the stadium, 3,000 more were turned away at the gates.

Through the first two sets there was little to cheer about as Borg dominated his opponent, but then the pigeon-toed, 34-year-old Frenchman, who has a stiff-backed gait and is as mechanical as the Tin Man, came alive. He won the next two sets and made an astonishing comeback in the fifth from 0-3 to serve for the match at 6-5. "Jau-fret," chanted the fans. "Assurez-vous" (sit down) demanded the umpire, but Jauffret was near the end. He lost his serve at love and, though he saved two match points at 6-7 and 7-8, after nearly four hours he finally lost the match 6-4, 6-2, 3-6, 4-6, 10-8.

"I work like hell for this," said Borg. "I break four rackets in match." Somebody wanted to know if that was a lot. "No," he said. "I break five last night just stringing them."

"The kid will feel this day when he plays Panatta," vowed Jauffret.

Sure enough, two days later in the quarterfinals against the only man ever to beat him in Paris, Borg's 18-match vic-

tory streak ended. Panatta, by this time flying on wings of confidence, cut the pace from Borg's vicious top spin until he was in position to volley, and he was remarkably consistent with his big serve. Borg finally relinquished his championship by 6-3, 6-3, 2-6, 7-6. "Last year I could not pass from backline," Panatta said. "Now I can wait and pass. I don't have to go to net to win point anymore."

In the other half of the draw, a tall Hungarian named Balazs Taroczy, who has a face like Jackie Cooper and a service windup like Luis Tiant, was causing all kinds of problems for typesetters. First he upset Jan Kodes, then he came from two sets down to upset Arthur Ashe. "It's embarrassing to say this at my age," said Ashe, "but when my play doesn't work, I'm in a quandry how to change it."

The Hungarian was piling up more victims than his countrywoman, Zsa Zsa Gabor, but with two Wimbledon champions down and one Mexican hero to go, Taroczy came to the end of the road against Raul Ramirez.

Before he put away Taroczy, Ramirez had swept quietly through four matches with the loss of only 19 games. On the other hand, his scruffinal opponent, Solomon, had acted out his usual passion play in Paris, rallying from desperate straits in three different matches. When he reached the quarterfinal against the ever-brilliant Guillermo Vilas, Solomon was psyched up and ready to attack.

"I'm snacking it as hard as I can for as long as I can," Solomon said. "I'm going to win or they'll have to carry me out on a stretcher."

The two groundstroke specialists began their hammer and pin contest from the baselines early in the evening, splitting two one-sided sets before Vilas arrived at 6-all in the third set, 6-5 in the tie break, set point. The Argentine blasted a certain forehand winner into the corner, but Solomon raced four feet out of court to jerk a two-fisted backhand down the line past Vilas' racket and into the hearts of little men everywhere. Dispirited, Vilas made two errors to lose the set, then succumbed completely in the fourth under the gathering shadows.

By that time most of the players and officials were enjoying their tennis night at the Moulin Rouge featuring an assortment of jugglers, acrobats, performing dolphins and a certain amount of naked

flesh. But Solomon had left a ton of his own out there in the dirt. "I'll never forget that backhand," he said after his 6-1, 0-6, 7-6, 6-1 victory. "I pulled that one out of you know where."

He still had a few left for Ramirez in the semis. Again it was an intense, even struggle. Again Solomon fell behind. And again in a key sequence he pulled off some marvelous shots to swing the match. This time Ramirez led in the fifth set 4-2 and was serving at 40-15, one point from a 5-2 margin. But the Mexican chose to serve and go to the net, and he was punished for it.

After four successive gutsy Solomon winners—the last a slashing overhead backhand volley—Ramirez appeared to be stunned. Solomon had broken back to 3-4 and he ran out the set with the loss of only four more points and won 6-7, 6-0, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4.

The courtside temperature was posted as 52° Centigrade, which would be over 125° Fahrenheit, which would be ridiculous. Or would it? "I drank 22 bottles of water and lost nine pounds," said Solomon, who weighed 138 before the match. "I've never in my life been so exhausted."

Dreams (or, in some circles, fear) of an all-American counterpunchers' duel in the final faded instantly when Panatta played "perhaps my best match ever" to slice up the Brooklyn-born Dibbs like a roll of delicatessen salami in the other semifinal. Riffing service winners, volleying crisply, grazing all the corners, Panatta won 6-3, 6-2, 6-4. He broke Fast Eddie's confidence early, and when Dibbs' confidence is gone there is not much else left.

"I have nothing to do tomorrow but spend all day on court," Panatta said. "Solomon is very big fighter, but when I play Dibbs and then Solomon it is good. I am not afraid to play same man two days in row."

Though the competition in the final was not all that similar, the end result was the same: another clay court warrior burned out by the sheer brilliance of Panatta's three-week run. When he was asked to explain exactly how it felt to be playing so well, Panatta gaped. "I cannot realize what I am doing," he said. "I am so ready for action, so hot. That is how I am feeling about my tennis, you know?"

Everybody knew.

END

With the temperature over 100°, spectators got an impromptu housing as welcome rather



GEORGE FILLS THE ROYALS' FLUSH

George Brett has emerged as the blue-chipper who could lead Kansas City to victory in the AL West

by RON FIMRITE

Jim Palmer, the premier Baltimore pitcher, stepped onto the mound last Thursday night and from this eminence observed the positioning of his outfielders before addressing himself to Kansas City's impertinent young batsman, George Brett. The great man's composure was obviously shaken when he spied the Orioles' rookie leftfielder, Andres Mora, playing shallow and well toward center as if Brett were the usual sort of left-handed pull hitter. Waving his arms like a Signal Corpsman, Palmer strode off the mound and toward the offending outfielder, directing Mora to a position closer to the foul line and considerably deeper. The poor kid obviously did not realize that Brett was an off-field hitter with power to left.

Now, with everyone in his proper place, Palmer returned to the business at hand. It was the first inning, the Royals' Tom Poquette was on third base, there was no score and one out. Palmer delivered a fast ball for strike one. Then, reasoning that Brett enjoyed crossing up the opposition by hitting inside pitches to left, he threw a hard slider in on the wrists. Brett pulled it neatly to right field, Poquette scored and the Royals moved into a lead they would not relinquish.

For all of his accumulated knowledge, Palmer had committed the blunder of trying to outsmart George Brett. Before his career has ended a decade or more from now, Brett, who is just 23, will have sent many such deep thinkers to the showers. Pitchers do not get rich matching wits with George Brett.

Brett led the American League in hits (195) and triples (13) in 1975 while batting .308. It was his second full season in the big leagues. He is a much better hitter this year. From May 8 through 13 he had six consecutive games in which he got three hits, possibly a major league record. The record is questionable because no listing for consecutive three-hit games could be located, a startling discovery in a game enslaved by statistics. From May 4 through 13 Brett averaged

.605. His season's average has hovered around .350, a figure which, if he maintains it, could unseat Rod Carew as the league batting champion.

It could, that is, unless Brett's teammate Hal McRae keeps hitting .360. McRae himself concedes the advantage to Brett, however, and with some reason.

For a player so young and anxious, Brett is remarkably consistent. He has not gone more than two games in a row without a hit since May 1, 1975, and he hits all manner of pitches, from Nolan Ryan fastballs to Mike Cuellar slowballs. He has the speed (nine stolen bases) to beat out the slow rollers and to take the extra base, and the power to hit for distance. Normally he is content to "use the whole field," spraying hits indiscriminately to all corners and alleys. "George Brett does not have a definite weakness as a hitter," says his batting instructor and all-round guru, Charley Lau.

As a third baseman, however, Brett did have some weaknesses last year. He has never experienced any difficulty catching the ball. Like Brooks Robinson, he is ambidextrous, which Robinson believes is mainly responsible for his own fielding prowess. But Brett had a tendency last season to throw caught balls beyond their appointed destination at first base. He has applied himself sedulously to correcting that defect this year, so much so that Coach Chuck Hiller has felt obliged on occasion to advise him to ease up lest he wear himself down. The improvement in his fielding this year has been commensurate with the effort. Brett now has only

half the errors he had at this point in 1975.

With his bat and his glove, Brett has been the driving force of a Kansas City team that has moved smartly into the lead in the American League West. The Royals top the league in most of the important offensive categories—team batting average, runs, hits, doubles, triples, sacrifice flies, total bases—except home runs. They are second in stolen bases.

First Baseman John Mayberry, who "gets hot when it gets hot," is expected to start moving at the summer solstice. He hinted at what the future will bring last week by cracking out three homers in two games against Detroit and Baltimore. In pitching, starters Doug Bird and Al Fitzmorris are, respectively, 7-1 and 7-2; Paul Splittorff emerged from an early-season slump with a shutout last Thursday; and Steve Busby, the staff ace, is only now regaining his form after a shoulder injury.

The eyes of Texas are upon them and the once dominant Oakland A's have yet to be heard from, but the Royals, in large measure on account of Brett, look to be the team to beat in their division.

Says Royals Manager Whitey Herzog, "George Brett may be the best all-round ballplayer in our league. And unless a bone is sticking out of him, he's ready to play every day." Lau says he sees no reason why Brett cannot hit consistently at the .330 level, and Shortstop Fred Patek is so impressed with the improvement in Brett's fielding that he dares mention him alongside the legendary Robinson. "I



Brett took to heart the preachings of coach and all-round guru Charley Lau.

can see now where a Mark Belanger would appreciate a Brooks Robinson," says Patek. "When a third baseman can reach balls in the hole it takes a lot off a shortstop's arm."

The object of all this adulation is a muscular six-foot, 196-pound, sandy-haired youngster, who, unlike many of his relatively solemn contemporaries, regards playing major league baseball and its attendant rewards as an experience unparalleled in joy and excitement. He seems pleasantly surprised to be where he is, and he is lavish in his gratitude to those, notably Lau, who helped him get there. "I just wish there was some way to repay people like Charley for what they've done for me," says Brett, "but I guess a coach just considers it part of his job."

Brett first became Lau's pupil in his rookie year, 1974. "After the first two months of the season I was hitting about .200," he recalls. "Charley told me that once I got to .199, he'd step in. I saw what he was doing for Hal McRae [whose average improved from .234 in 1973 to .310 in 1974], Buck Martinez and some of the others. They were out there at three o'clock every day taking batting practice with Charley. In high school I tried to be a Yaz type of hitter—you know, bat held high and way back here—but I wasn't."

Lau, a slow-talking, merry-eyed man of 43 whose lifetime major league batting average is .255, is considered by a large number of players to be the game's outstanding hitting theoretician.

He got Brett to bring the bat back on his shoulder and to concentrate on hitting the ball over second base. "All of a sudden, I started to hit," says Brett. "Now, before every time at bat, I'll talk to Charley about what I can expect from the pitcher, whether I can pull him, go with the pitch or take him to the opposite field. I pre-program myself in the on-deck circle."

Brett's three older brothers were ball-players when they were growing up in the Southern California community of Hermosa Beach, and naturally, as the baby of the family, it was George who shagged balls for the others. The best of the bunch was brother Ken, 4½ years older than George, who, at age 19, pitched in the 1967 World Series for Boston. "I hardly knew him before," says George. "He left home to play baseball when I was only 12. In the Series I realized just how good

he really was and I started looking up to him. In fact, I idolized him."

The two brothers have grown increasingly close since George's ascendancy to the big time. Ken, who now pitches for the White Sox, is his brother's social arbiter and, when he is in Kansas City or George is in Chicago, his companion on the town. "Ken likes to have me call him 'the King,'" says George. "He'll call me in the middle of the night and say, 'This is the King speaking.' Ken's the reason I haven't gotten married. I see the money he's saved and the fun he's had and I realize that I'm in the same business. We look alike, so the same girls who like him should like me, too."

It had been Ken's contention that he was the best hitter in the family. Had he not hit a record four home runs in four consecutive pitching starts for Philadelphia in 1973? George was given the opportunity to dispel this ill-conceived notion this past spring when Ken, then with the Yankees, faced him as a pitcher for the first time. George, determined to either "hit it out or fall on my face," swung mightily and hit a homer.

Even when George Brett is not getting his three hits a game, he is the spark of the Royals. Last Wednesday he had but one hit against Detroit, but he stole two bases, scored the first run of the game, cut off a throw from the outfield to toss out an advancing Tiger base runner and made two fine fielding plays at third. The following night he hit safely twice, scored twice, stole another base and ranged far to his left in the field to twice snatch ground balls Patek would normally have had to chase.

Assessing his performance over a cup of tea the next day, he was not entirely satisfied. He guessed wrong, he said, on one pitch, chiding Lau for giving him misinformation, and allowed a ground ball to roll under his glove. But all that was yesterday. He had a luncheon date, he said, "with some girl who called and said she was a friend of Ken's." He shook his head in admiration of the absent brother. "If she's a good friend of the King, that's good enough for me."

And he was off and running toward an uncertain but, in all probability, rosy future.

END

George is the best hitter in the family despite what brother Ken of the White Sox thinks



BYE-BYE BOSTON, CHICAGO BUYS

In one swoop, Bobby Orr bolted the Bruins, jolted the Black Hawks for \$3 million and had his ravaged knee checked out by doctors

by J. D. REED

It was Alan Eagleson, hockey's Monty Hall, at his best—or worst. For three days last week Eagleson, playing *Let's Make a Deal* for Bobby Orr, dragged the name and reputation of his star client through the hotel corridors, podiums, dinner tables and phone booths of Montreal, threatened to "tweak" the nose of a prying reporter and spouted hourly retractions or modifications of the generally crass statements he had issued during the previous hour. The reason for Eagleson's actions was simple: Orr, once hockey's most spectacular player, was a free agent, having played out his contract after 10 seasons with the Boston Bruins, and Eagleson was trying to peddle Orr's future services to the highest bidder. Watching Eagleson operate, NHL President Clarence Campbell said, "It has been like a dog's breakfast from the beginning."

Predictably, Eagleson opened the Orr sweepstakes by leveling another verbal blast at Jeremy Jacobs, the Buffalo-based concessionaire whose family owns the Bruins. Boston's final contract offer to Orr—a five-year deal for more than \$1.75 million—contained certain safeguards for the club in the event that Orr's rickety left knee, which has undergone five operations and is of such questionable reliability that even Lloyd's of London refuses to insure it, forced him to terminate his career before the expiration of the agreement. Still, Boston guaranteed Orr a minimum of \$600,000 regardless of future disabilities.

"They insulted Bobby with the type of contract they offered him," Eagleson snapped. "I think the Bruins have indicated their conviction that Bobby is very badly damaged goods and not worth an unconditional contract." Eagleson's pique at the Jacobs family began last Sep-

tember, shortly after the concessionaires had purchased the club. Anxious to sign Orr, Boston promptly offered him a five-year contract for a reported \$2.5 million. "Bobby would be signed to a new Boston contract now if the owners hadn't changed the offer they made last September," Eagleson said repeatedly during the winter.

So why hadn't Eagleson accepted that offer? When that question was raised last week, Eagleson threatened to step down from his podium and "tweak" a Boston sportscaster in the nose, adding that "You give me a sweet pain in the ———." In fact, at the

time of that Boston offer, Eagleson also was deeply involved in Orr negotiations with the now defunct Minnesota Fighting Saints of the WHA, who publicly were offering Orr \$6.5 million for 10 years but privately were practically penniless. Then, while Eagleson was playing Boston against Minnesota in the media, Orr's left knee came undone again and he had Operation No. 4. Boston withdrew its offer and suspended negotiations until Orr joined the Bruins lineup for the first time early in November.

Orr played only 10 games before the knee locked again and sent him back to the hospital for Operation No. 5. That, as it turned out, ended his season. Obviously wary about Orr's physical condition, Boston reduced its offer to the \$1.75 million for five years. Eagleson called Boston's final offer a "joke," among other things, but Managing Director Harry Sinden of the Bruins said, "The Jacobses didn't know what Bob-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DORY FELD

by Orr could do. They just followed sound business practices."

And so it was that on June 1, the day when Orr's five-year contract with the Bruins officially expired and he became a free agent, Eagleson sent the following cable to 30 NHL and WHA teams, excluding only the Bruins: "As of today Bobby Orr is a free agent. If you are interested in acquiring his services for the future, please contact me at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, Montreal, on June 7th. We are setting a July 1 deadline. Yours, Alan Eagleson."

The line formed inside Suite 1200 of the Queen E. The Detroit Red Wings were in one room, the Kansas City Scouts in another. Los Angeles Kings Owner Jack Kent Cooke was talking to Eagleson on one telephone, and St. Louis Blues General Manager-Coach Emile Francis was on hold. Chicago Black Hawks General Manager Tommy Ivan was everywhere. Sinden stood alongside the bar in



Chicago's Tommy Ivan (left) was sold when Alan Eagleson raved on about his client Orr.

the suite and cracked, "Hey, Al, you get me up here to talk a deal, and you've only got half a beer in the whole place."

Orr, who remained in his usual seclusion at his hockey camp in Orillia, Ontario, called Eagleson and advised him to warn all potential buyers that he considered himself to be "damaged goods." Later, after talking with Orr again, Eagleson announced that Orr would sign with St. Louis or Chicago or possibly retire for a year of therapy. Both St. Louis and Chicago offered Orr the unconditional, caveat emptor type of contract that Eagleson had demanded. Eagleson also said that Orr would soon check into Toronto General Hospital for a thorough examination of his left knee. "Bobby Orr will not be available for any comment," he said. Was Eagleson open to questions? "Go ahead, ask your questions," he said with a snarl.

Eagleson met again with the St. Louis management, but it was obvious that his

selling efforts were being directed at the Black Hawks. Chicago President William Wirtz went on record June 1 as saying that the Black Hawks wanted to sign Orr and would pay him Eagleson's requested \$3 million for five years. A few days later, Eagleson, Orr and Wirtz had dinner together during the annual meetings of the NHL's Players' Association at the Castle Harbour Hotel in Bermuda, and it was there that Wirtz repeated his willingness to meet Eagleson's financial conditions.

So the deal was set in motion. Orr left Orillia and flew into Montreal late last Tuesday night to sit in on the final negotiations. The Black Hawks agreed to sign Orr to an unconditional five-year contract for a reported \$3 million. "By unconditional," said Chicago's Ivan, "it means that we have gambled on Orr playing hockey, and if he doesn't play because of his knee, we pay—and we lose." "We have gambled," said Wirtz. "We have

placed our bet down, but at least we have gambled on a thoroughbred." The next morning Orr checked into Toronto General. Doctors made a small incision in his knee, removed pieces of loose cartilage, decided Orr did not need major surgery now, and closed it up.

What prompted Chicago to pay \$3 million for a hobbling hockey player? The Black Hawks have been a dull, defense-minded team ever since they refused to re-sign Bobby Hull in the face of his \$3 million offer from the WHA's Winnipeg Jets in 1972. Last season the most popular Black Hawk home attendance figure was "12,000 estimated," some 8,000 short of the crowds that jammed Chicago Stadium in Hull's days. Ironically, the poor attendance has hurt the Jacobs family as well as the Wirtzes: the Jacobses have the concessions in Chicago Stadium.

To earn his annual salary of \$600,000, Orr will have to attract only 1,500 extra paying spectators at \$10 for each of Chicago's 40 home games. Is there a No. 4 uniform available in Chicago? Orr asked. There is. However, as Bruins President Paul Mooney said, "I just wonder whether Bobby can play anymore. I doubt it."

END



STANDING KNEE-DEEP IN CLOVER

Texan Bunker Hunt has his hoards of oil and sugar and silver, and lately he has begun cornering the market in thoroughbreds, winning two Derbies and more than half a million dollars in seven days **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

A shower was moving in. From the big window on the 25th floor of the First National Bank Building in Dallas, you could see the gray-brown wall of rain creeping across expressways and clumps of tall buildings 15 miles away, out in the north part of town. Bunker Hunt touched a button on the desk in his office. A voice came over a loudspeaker.

"Uh, what was that?" the voice said.

"How's everything across the sea in Ireland?" Bunker Hunt said.

"Well, the horses are working every day and looking good," the voice said.

Bunker Hunt bent toward the loudspeaker and chuckled. It was a wonderful thing to touch a button in Dallas and hear your 18-year-old son's voice speaking from Ireland. It was also a wonderful thing to hear that the horses were looking good. The horses have been looking so good lately that Bunker has been wiping his glasses and pushing his hair back off his brow and cocking his head toward his left shoulder and letting out chuckle after chuckle, a little parade of chuckles marching forth across the sea to Ireland, England and France.

And why not? Just two weeks ago, in a period of five days, Bunker's horse Empery (10 to 1) won the English Derby at Epsom, and Bunker's horse Youth (2 to 1) won the French Derby at Chantilly. A few days earlier Bunker's horse Dahlia (4-1) had won the Hollywood Invitational in California to become the third leading money-winning thoroughbred of all time (\$1,512,943—only Kelso and Round Table have earned more). That was worth a few chuckles, too. In seven days three of Bunker's horses had won \$502,340, and Bunker had become the first U.S. owner to take both the English and French Derbies in the same year.

Now the matter under discussion was the Irish Derby, to be run on June 26.

"Put Ted on," Bunker said to son Houston Hunt in Ireland.

In a moment an Irish voice said over the loudspeaker, "What'll be your pleasure, govna?"

"Are you boys still throwing bombs



at each other over there?" Bunker said. "No bombs today," said Ted Curtin, Hunt's trainer in Ireland. "But which horse [Youth or Empery] do you favor for entering in the Derby? They're both looking very fine."

"What if we enter the two of them? Would that be unethical? I wouldn't want to do anything that was unethical," Bunker chuckled.

"You would want to win, though, wouldn't you?" said Curtin. He chuckled, too.

After Bunker had touched the button to disconnect himself from Ireland, he said he wouldn't really enter both Youth and Empery in the Irish Derby. The decision would be made after more talk with Curtin and with Jim Shannon, Hunt's racing manager. "You don't want to run two good horses against each other if they're both yours," Bunker said. "There's a big race in Paris about the same time as the Irish Derby, so maybe we can win them both."

Another major Hunt victory in France in so short a time would cause cries of "*Mon Dieu, quel fromage!*" from the French horsey crowd. Bunker Hunt's best horses are now bred in the U.S. and brought to France where they run with the money. Frenchmen despise having their money run off with French-bred winners pay premiums to French breeders. Bunker Hunt, who owns more thoroughbreds than anybody else in the world, will retire Youth and Empery to stud in Kentucky when they have finished running off with everybody's money. So what is a poor boy like Jean Romanet, director-general of the Société d'Encouragement in Paris, to do but suggest that any American who wishes to keep a stable in France would be wise to stand some good stallions at French farms.

Bunker Hunt has more than 600 horses in Ireland, England, Italy, New Zealand, Australia, Kentucky and Texas, and he can chuckle about what the French think. For one thing, a group of Frenchmen backed out on him in a syndication deal with the stud Mississippi, and that cost Bunker about \$1 million in chuckles right there. For another thing, Bunker has been running horses in France for 20 years and for the first half of that time he was donating money to the French.

"They are peeved because their horses aren't good enough to compete," Bunker said, looking out at the rain ap-



Treading on Frenchmen's turf, Hunt and his U.S.-bred Youth romped off with the Derby prize.

proaching his office window at the Hunt Energy Corporation. "I'd rather not be quoted on this, but it's true. The French have sold off their best stallions and race mares in the last 25 or 30 years. The Germans kidnapped a lot of great French horses in World War II. The French can't help what's happened, but they resent it. I guess they resent me. I have a real good time when I go to races in France, but maybe I wouldn't if I could speak French and understand what they were saying."

Bunker did not attend the French Derby this year because of superstition. Youth had won three recent races without Bunker in the audience. Though he says he is a "fatalist" whose character may be flawed by his utter inability to worry, Bunker figured there was no use messing with the pattern Youth was into. Bunker also missed the English Derby because it was the 25th anniversary of his marriage to Caroline. Invitations had been sent out for a party at the Petroleum Club in Dallas. People were arriving from all over the earth. Ordinarily Bunker would have been at the English Derby. He likes the part where you dress up in a top hat and stroll to your box at Epsom. "Monkey see, monkey do," Bunker chuckled.

It is reported that in various racing circles in Europe, as well as here and there in his own country, Bunker Hunt is regarded as a bumpkin who was lucky to be born a son of the legendary H. L. Hunt, one of the richest men of the century, who died two years ago at age 85.

Being a child of H. L. Hunt did not start Bunker or his sisters or brothers (one of whom, Lamar, owns the Kansas City Chiefs pro football team and is prominent in professional tennis and soccer) off at a disadvantage. One of Bunker's grandmothers could translate into English from Greek, Latin, German and French—according to *Hunt's Heritage*, written by H. L. Hunt—and an earlier Hunt was the chaplain for John Smith. Bunker's father was an astounding man, a gambler on a level difficult to comprehend. He was also a man who believed himself blessed with psychic powers, an organizer and promoter with the genius for calling royalty to heel, a man who was feared and hated by many and understood by none. H. L. Hunt loved his little poodle. He wrote nine books. Bunker didn't grow up in a chicken coop.

"Now, I like those high-class Englishmen," Bunker said. "They appreciate a good horse, no matter who the owner is."

At the ticket window of the parking garage, Bunker Hunt waited for his wife's car while other customers came and went. In his blue suit, white shirt and blue necktie with tiny horses on it, he looked like another insurance salesman with papers and trade magazines under his arm. If anyone in the parking garage recognized Bunker Hunt—once the owner of an eight-million-acre oil concession in Libya; a man who hired John Connally to go to Washington as his personal lobbyist in an effort to persuade the gov-

continued

ernment to undo the effects on Hunt of the Libyan revolution; defendant with brother Herbert in a celebrated wiretap case that Bunker said was CIA revenge for his refusing to allow agents to pose as his employees in the Middle East; a man who probably owns more silver than the Bank of England and is chairman of the biggest sugar-beet-growing outfit in the world—if anyone recognized him, you couldn't tell it.

His father had made and lost several fortunes and was incredibly wealthy again in 1948 when *Life* printed the first photo of H. L. Hunt in a national publication. Bunker's picture has been published often, but his wide, happy face is not one you would pick out as belonging to a powerful oil dealer with a personal fortune of some \$1 billion. (The

nationalization of the British Petroleum/Bunker Hunt oil concession in Libya might have cost Bunker and the family more than \$20 billion.)

So when the old four-door Oldsmobile finally came down the ramp in the garage and Bunker got in to cruise into the late-afternoon traffic, there was nobody gaping at him, as there would have been if he were appearing on some TV series named *Murder Patrol*.

Jim Shannon says that among the papers Bunker takes home in the evening are the current rosters of his horses. Bunker is selling some of his better animals this year. At Keeneland in July he will peddle a half-brother to Dahlia by Secretariat and a half-brother to Youth by Vaguely Noble. Why has Bunker begun selling his best yearlings in the U.S. and New Zealand? "Well," says Shannon, "this is a man who likes to trade—it's his way of life. And when he goes into something he only does it in the best possible manner. He wants to top the market." Any time there is a sale of Bunker Hunt horses, the price is high. But Shannon says Bunker likes to study the rosters in the evening not to plot the money value of the animals but to scheme interesting breeding connections for them.

"Yeah, I guess that's what I do like best," Bunker said. "Matching them up and seeing what the foals turn into. It's a thrill to watch one turn into a winner. You know, I got out of racing for awhile because I wasn't winning and I got discouraged. Then a friend talked me back into it again. I sure am glad that he did. In the office I spend 95% of my time on company business and the other 5% on racing. At home it's just about the opposite."

His father's gambling reputation preceded Bunker as a young man in Las Vegas, Reno, Monte Carlo, anywhere people might be looking to trap a hick from the oil fields. "But I never was that big a gambler," Bunker said. "I might win or lose \$3,000, that's about all. I didn't want to get too proficient with the dice. I try not to bet on my own horses if I can help it. I get prejudiced, and it affects my thinking."

The Circle T Ranch near Roanoke, about halfway between Dallas and Fort Worth, used to belong to J. Glenn Turner, who was a horse breeder and a colorful Texas figure. Bunker bought the place complete except for Turner's trophies. Bun-

ker filled the trophy cases in the main house with his collection of porcelain birds. The house is on a hill and looks down on pastures with white fences and oak trees with whitewashed trunks so the horses won't eat the bark, lakes that shine in the late sun after the rain showers pass, fields rich with thoroughbred horses and purple vetch and white *Charolais* cattle. Byron Nelson lives down the road. Across the highway Ben Hogan is building a new golf club partly on Circle T land Bunker sold him. There are still 2,400 acres at the Circle T, which is within a half-hour drive of downtown Dallas. It is a picture-book place, a place where you could sit on the porch for the rest of your life.

Bunker and Caroline stayed there maybe three or four nights in the past year. Where they live is in the Turtle Creek section of Dallas. Turtle Creek is loaded with beautiful homes and lawns and flowers. But the Circle T is the kind of place you might find once if you were very fortunate.

"I've talked about wanting to live out here," Bunker said, steering the Oldsmobile across the thick grass of a pasture, "but Caroline is tied up with a lot of activities in town, and the kids have always got something going in town. Someday maybe we'll wind up out here. I'll tell you something—Texas is as good a place to train horses as you can find in this country. Texas has got better weather for horses than Kentucky, but Kentucky has better promoters. I know people in Virginia who wouldn't buy a \$25,000 share of a horse that was standing in Virginia but they'd rush right in to buy the same share of the same horse that was standing in Kentucky," Bunker has invested millions in three farms in Kentucky.

Now he got out of the car and walked over to look at a few of his horses. As a child in Tyler, before his father moved into the outside replica of Mount Vernon on the shore of White Rock Lake in Dallas, Bunker had a horse. The horse was a mare named Lady. That was 42 years ago when Bunker was eight. Bunker and five or six of the neighborhood kids would climb on Lady and ride her around town.

"My dad was scared somebody would get hurt. He sold Lady and got me a bicycle instead," Bunker said, leaning against a fence at the Circle T looking out across the field of mares and foals. Bunker chuckled.

END



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Yul Brynner, Oscar Winning International Star



In 1972 the best female swimmer in the world was Shane Gould of Australia. She held every world record in the freestyle events, from the minute-long frenzy of the 100 to the 1,500, a race lasting more than a quarter of an hour.

That year, in the U.S. Olympic Trials at Chicago's Portage Park, two 15-year-old girls broke Gould's records for the 200 and the 800—Shirley Babashoff of Fountain Valley, Calif., at 200 meters and Jo Harshbarger of Bellevue, Wash., at 800. A couple of weeks later Harshbarger received a postcard from Gould in Australia that read, "Congratulations. See you in Munich." Babashoff didn't receive one.

Sensing psychological warfare in the snub, a reporter in Munich cornered Babashoff, then a shy, skinny newcomer to international competition, and asked if it bothered her to be ignored by Gould. Babashoff said, "I don't feel ignored. I'm sure she knows I'm here." (Indeed, Gould did. They met head-to-head in the 100 and 200. In the former, Shirley won the silver, Shane the gold. In the latter, Shane won the gold, Shirley the silver.)

That was, and still is, Shirley Babashoff: Calm, confident, stubborn, with a balanced view of her own

importance. And those are the qualities which have enabled her to survive to the age of 19 in a sport that chews up adolescent girls and spits them out at 16 or 17 with their competitive fires extinguished. Now at the peak of her physical powers, Babashoff is by far the best female swimmer in this country. Until early this month she had the world record for the 400-meter freestyle—the only women's mark held by an American—and American records in the 100- and 200-meters freestyles. On June 3, however, during the East German Championships in East Berlin—perhaps the most

extraordinary meet ever held, with 14 world records set—Barbara Krause lowered Babashoff's mark by 3.07 seconds (to 4:11.69). Whether Shirley can regain her empyrean will be made clear during the Montreal Olympics. In her most recent major international competition, the World Aquatic Championships in Cali, Colombia last July, Babashoff entered seven events. She won the 200 and the 400 free, was second in the 100 free, third in the 800 and fourth in the 200-meter individual medley. She also anchored both U.S. relay teams to second-place finishes behind East Germany.

Babashoff's win in the 200, by .19 of a second over world-record holder Kornelia Ender of East Germany, had been a classic confrontation between the best sprinter in the world and the best middle-distance swimmer in the world, at a distance between their specialties. Ender, the drop-dead sprinter, swam the first 100

a possible 15 world records, the American women held seven and the Australians six.

In 1973 the old order crumbled. The scene of the coup was the first World Aquatic Championships in Belgrade, East Germany, a team that had not quite reached the top rank by Munich but which had shown considerable promise with four second-place finishes, had stunningly improved, thanks to a new emphasis on weight training. Furthermore, it had acquired revolutionary new competition suits that fit like a second, tauter skin and weighed four negligible ounces. The new outfits, with their high-cut necks and recessed armholes, also served to emphasize the width of the frauleins' already broad shoulders, a most disheartening sight for the opposition.

Even more disheartening was what the German girls did in the medley relay on the first day of the championships. With

world-record-equivalent times on each of the four legs, and with Ender swimming the freestyle anchor leg, they beat the American girls, anchored by Babashoff, by eight body lengths. At the final count 10 days later the East Germans had won 10 of the 14 events and had set seven world records.

"After the first day we kind of gave up," said Babashoff, who, though disappointed, came back from Belgrade with four silver medals. "We didn't expect them to be so big or to have gotten so much better or to have the new suit. When you have one good swim then the whole team does good. It's a chain reaction. Our team went just the opposite way. We should have done better. They surprised us."

Nothing has been the same since. Everyone lifts weights. Everyone wears skin suits. Every team does interval training. Nevertheless, the East Germans now

enriched

UP FROM PLOP, PLOP

In her first race little Shirley Babashoff dog-paddled to victory. She's been a big winner ever since, and is our best hope at Montreal

by SARAH PILEGGI

meters in a time close to her own world record for the event. Her strategy was obvious: build an insurmountable lead and hold on. Babashoff, the pacer, plotted her race and stuck to the plan "I saw Ender at 25 meters and from there I never looked for her until the end," she said. "I didn't know I had won until I looked at the clock."

In 1972 the world of women's swimming was divided up between Australia and the U.S. Occasionally a record would slip away from the two powers and into the hands of a Japanese or a South African, but at the end of that year, out of

hold world records in every Olympic swimming event.

For three years Shirley Babashoff has worked and adapted and grown, too, and this week as the U.S. Olympic Trials begin in Long Beach, Calif., the East Germans will be watching her in particular. She has been virtually a one-girl U.S. team holding back the East German flood. She is 5'10" now and weighs 150 pounds. Her wavy blonde hair falls below her shoulders, she wears contact lenses for her bright but weak blue eyes, her teeth are even and white and her skin is the color that a Southern California blonde is supposed to be. She giggles more than an adult and understands her responsibilities better than a child.

At Golden West, a community college in Huntington, Calif., where she is a sophomore, Babashoff was selected homecoming queen last fall—she wore a rhinestone tiara and a dress her mother made—but she swims on the men's team. Tom Hermstad, the Golden West coach, provides a good psychological counterpoint to Mark Schubert, the coach of Shirley's home club, the Mission Viejo Nadadores. Hermstad is for fun, Schubert is for work, and each coach understands the value of the contrast to Babashoff.

"See that picture?" she said recently as she sat at the kitchen table in her parents' house, thumbing through a haphazard collection of newspaper clippings. The photo was taken in Munich, at a time when Shirley was growing so fast you could almost see it happening. She was 5'9" and weighed 125. Her sun-whitened hair was cut as short as a boy's, and in the picture a hank on the top of her head is standing straight up. "I looked like a Grade A creep, a zombie or something," she giggled.

"I think it's cute," said her mother, defending the haircut of which she had been the perpetrator.

Vera Babashoff is a plump, energetic woman in her early 40s with a round pretty face. Her head, neck and shoulders are immobilized by a leather and steel brace that she has worn since undergoing an operation to fuse four vertebrae in her neck eight months ago. Vera is the hunchpin that holds the six Babashoffs together and the gyroscope that keeps them on course. Her husband Jack is a tall, good-natured, hard-working man with straight black hair and high flat Slavic cheekbones like Shirley's. He is a machinist at

the Bethlehem Steel plant in Vernon by day and holds down a second job at night to help finance his swimming family. Jack Jr. is 20 and a sprinter on a swimming scholarship at Alabama under Don Gambril. Billy is an irrepressible 17 and a high school All-American in the 200- and 400-meter freestyle. Debbie, who is six, so far devotes herself to kindergarten and hamsters.

In the context of contemporary America the Babashoffs are an anachronism. They are closer and stronger than the Waltons. They go to church on Sunday and visit their grandparents regularly. They say grace at meals and eschew spirits. The children do as they are told and use no bad language. The parents are self-sacrificing and, as is said nowadays, supportive. Everybody helps out and there are few complaints. Vera and Jack Babashoff are frugal, honest, industrious and the source of the strength that helps set Shirley apart from her peers.

The swimming chapters of the Babashoff story began on a summer day in 1965 when Vera signed up 9-year-old Jack Jr. and 8-year-old Shirley for lessons at a junior college pool in Norwalk, a town south of Los Angeles where the family then lived.

"I have this fear of water myself," Vera says. "I didn't want my kids to drown. So one day one of the coaches said, 'Why don't you put them on the novice team?'"

"Shirley's first race was the 25-yard free, one length of the pool. There was this mother there, I'll never forget her. She was a typical swimming mother, all over the bleachers telling everybody her girl was going to win. I'm sitting there just hoping my girl doesn't drown."

"I didn't know how to breathe," Shirley explains.

"So anyway, they shot the gun and Shirley didn't dive, she kind of jumped in. The other girl had swum races before and she had a beautiful stroke. She breathed. And here's this one [Shirley] plop, plop, plop, then pant, pant, pant, while she dog-paddles, then plop, plop, again. She outcoached that other girl by a fingertip."

Though she is far from being a typical swimming mother, Vera is still in the bleachers 10 years later, and Shirley is still winning races by fingertips. In fact, she is famous for it. Watching a Babashoff race is frequently an athletic event in itself, so many of her finishes are so close.

She comes from behind time after time, and coming from behind in swimming is a slow, grinding process, inexorable in Shirley's case, but nonetheless wrenching to watch.

"Two days before, I plan out the race, where I want to be at certain times," she says. "I think about it a lot. I try not to worry just before a race. You have to psych yourself, but just before is not the right time."

"Shirley doesn't often win by big margins, but she always wins," says Schubert. "It makes me think she hasn't even scratched the surface. In the 200 at the World Championships last summer she was two body-lengths behind Ender at 100 meters, 1½ at 150 meters and one with 25 meters to go. She touched Ender out in the last stroke."

Shirley and Schubert, a 27-year-old Okie and a former University of Kentucky swimmer, came together in 1973 when she was 16 and he was in his second year as aquatic director of Mission Viejo, a lavish real-estate and recreational development halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego. Schubert's swim club, the Nadadores, has 473 members, fields 10 teams and requires five assistants to administer. Its senior teams have won the national combined title twice and the girls' title four times in the last two years.

Schubert, who looks younger than some of his swimmers, is a tough coach, an efficient administrator and martinet about things such as promptness, team uniforms, adherence to training regimens and insubordination. He and Shirley seem to have worked out a sometimes abrasive but beneficial relationship that is a standoff, when things grow tense, between his temper and her stubbornness.

At the long-course nationals in Kansas City on a fiercely hot day last summer, Schubert exploded when he found Shirley sitting in the grandstand with her family rather than in the bleachers with the team. Schubert crossed to the grandstand and shouted up at his star, "If you're not going to cheer for your teammates, don't expect them to cheer for you!" Shirley yelled back that she was cheering from where she was. Schubert's anger subsided quickly; Shirley's did not. Later when the coach returned to say it was time for a rubdown before her next race, Shirley replied that she did not care to have a rubdown.

That is where the incident ended, but the Babashoffs think about it.

Vera: One thing about Mark. He may get mad but he comes back fast. He's a smart guy.

Shirley: I really made him feel bad that day.

Vera: I'm sure you did.

Shirley: I made him feel bad after he made me feel bad.

Vera (chuckling): He made me feel worst of all. I was sitting there minding my own business, right where I was supposed to be, doing what I was supposed to do. I could have climbed under the chair.

The relationship of most girl swimmers and their coaches is mutually affectionate. That of Babushoff and Schubert is mutually respectful. More typical was Shirley's relationship with her first real coach, Flip Darr of the Huntington Beach Aquatics Club, with whom she worked from the age of 12 until Darr's temporary retirement from coaching when she was 16.

She does not say so directly, but there seems no doubt she was hurt by Darr's abandonment. It had come at an especially bad time, not long after the debacle at Belgrade. "I used to be very good at distances because we worked distances a lot when I was at Flip's," she says. "I was really young and had all this energy in me. And then Flip started, you know, losing interest in us or something—I don't know what happened to him. He was going to quit coaching our team. So then I wasn't working out as hard—or I was working out as hard but the workouts weren't as hard—and I started getting better at sprints. And that was when I went to Belgrade. I did really badly there and I was depressed. And then I came back and Flip left the Huntington Beach team, you know. He just went. So I went to Mission Viejo. We started swimming 10,000 yards a day and my distance really improved a lot. I can go out and swim anything now."

"Babushoff is the hardest-working, most talented swimmer I have ever coached," says Schubert.

Day begins in the Babushoff household on Santa Clara Street at 4:45 a.m. when Shirley's alarm goes off. By 6 she is in the pool, where she works out until 8, "or 8:30 if I feel dedicated enough." She attends classes until 1 and then drives home for lunch, and dinner two hours later. In between she studies or runs errands for her mother. At 3:45 she drives 30 miles south on the San Diego Free-

way for her evening practice with the Mission Viejo senior team.

Before getting into the water for a two-hour, 7,000-yard workout the team, some 30 strong, goes through half an hour of weight training in a small room next to the coach's office. They move dreamily in unison through a silent minuet, from wall-mounted pulleys to swim-bench exercises to stretching positions on the floor, each change of station signaled by a command from the coach. The only other sound is the rasp of the pulleys, resisting.

By 8:30 Shirley is home and by 10:30 she is usually in bed. When she is not in heavy training she takes Sundays off. She used to play volleyball and softball but she has given them up for now. An Olympic year is not time to break a finger. Nor does she go to the beach as much as she would like, either, since extracurricular exercise such as body surfing would play havoc with Schubert's carefully calculated regimen of specific strengthening followed by specific rest leading to the Trials.

Rest is called "tapering" in the language of swimming. "You work hard to get your strength built up, your heart and your muscles," Shirley explains. "Then you taper maybe two weeks before the meet. You go from 10,000 yards a day down to something like 3,000. You work on speed rather than endurance. When the meet comes you're rested. You have extra energy you don't know what to do with. You explode."

Like almost everything connected with competitive swimming, tapering is, in part, a psychological ploy. So are the tight, sleek skin suits, which are saved for important occasions. For workouts swimmers wear standard, old-fashioned tank, or "drag," suits, usually one on top of another.

A coach like Schubert, who has the facilities, will try to schedule morning and afternoon workouts in different pools, the only gesture he can make in the direction of varying the swimmer's surroundings. Shirley was once asked how she passed the time while swimming. She said, "Sometimes you sang songs, or look at the gum on the bottom of the pool . . . you always find something to keep you busy." Schubert also varies the content of the workouts—the distances, the speeds, the strokes. Though Babushoff is not seriously considering the individual medley as an Olympic event, she works

on it anyway. It breaks the tedium of free style. "In an Olympic year," says Schubert, "you can't let up."

Vera Babushoff sat in the stands at the Belmont Plaza Olympic Pool in Long Beach, an airy pavilion on the edge of the Pacific where the Olympic Trials will take place this week. It was 9 o'clock on the first morning of the three-day Southern California Invitational and she was waiting to be called to her post as a volunteer timer at the head of lane No. 1. A 28-pound turkey, enough to get the family through the weekend, was cooking at home. Debbie Babushoff was all over the deck, chatting with her hundreds of acquaintances. Shirley and Bobby were warming up in the pool.

"Until eight months ago," said Vera, "I thought Shirley would go on swimming, even past the Olympics. But I'll be just as glad to see her stop. I've seen her miss too much. The only thing I worry about afterwards is her weight."

"Three months ago, for the first time, she didn't want to work. She'd say, 'Why do I have to?' I think it had to do with being selected homecoming queen. It was the beginning of a social life. She found out what she had been missing."

Some days Shirley wants to be a marine biologist and other days she just wants to lie on the beach. Sometimes she thinks she will go to work as a lifeguard after the Olympics, and other times she thinks a scholarship to the University of Hawaii would be nice. She feels her indebtedness to her family for their years of sacrifice, but she tries not to dwell on it. Not yet, anyway. There will be time for that later. After the Trials. After the Olympics. Time for softball and volleyball and body surfing, for late nights and college and repaying debts of gratitude.

In spite of occasional dips in morale, her workouts through the winter were gratifying. At the AAU indoor nationals in Long Beach in April, an event for which she tapered only 10 days compared to the four full weeks she has tapered for the Olympic Trials, the homecoming queen from Golden West won the 400 in a time that at that point was one second off her world record, and the 200 in 2:02.54, only .27 off Kornelia Ender's world mark. In addition, swimming a difficult double on the last day, she took second in the 100 and was third in the 800.

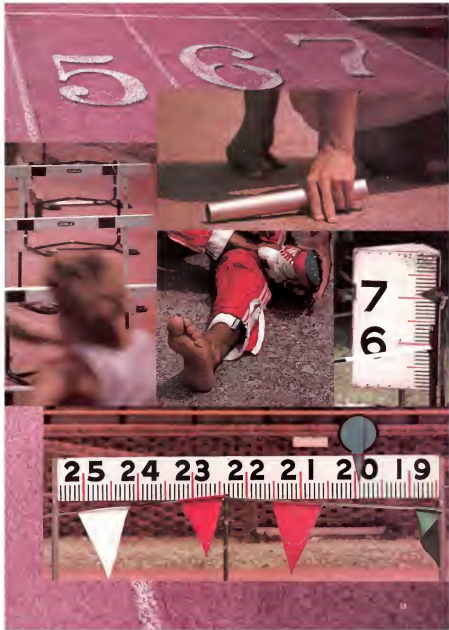
It was enough to keep a girl going for a little while longer.

END



WHY THEY ARE MEASURING UP

It is only natural that track fans should focus their attention on the athletes, anxious to see how fast they run, how far they throw, how high they jump. But when Photographer Michael Hirst found himself shooting the sport recently, it was the vast number of accessories—hurdles, spikes, bats, measuring devices—that caught his eye and, consequently, the lens of his camera. Few if any sports have as much paraphernalia, a great deal of it modernized and streamlined in recent years to help the athletes achieve faster times, greater heights and longer distances than ever before.





It takes many stopwatches to clock a race, three for every runner at the national and international levels. Flags, used in field events, are white for a fair try, red for foul. Chalk makes a vaulter's grip more secure, foam-rubber pits make his landings softer. Hammer and discus throwers, as well as shotputters, work out of a circle from which these muscular competitors may not step. All throwing implements must be weighed; the hammer, for instance, must be no lighter than 16 pounds.





THE NUTS AND BOLTS

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

When the ancient Greeks wanted to hold a track and field competition, they did not have to concern themselves with a bunch of equipment. They simply broke the ground with a pickax, covered it with a thick layer of sand and called it a track. The runners wore no shoes—or anything else. There were three field events—the discus and javelin throws and the standing long jump. The discus was solid bronze, similar in shape but heavier than the one used today. The javelin had a leather loop about four inches long dangling from its center, through which the thrower stuck his forefinger as an aid in hurling it. The long jumpers carried small weights in each hand, designed to propel their bodies farther. No other implements were needed; the Greeks did not even bother to time or measure their efforts.

In contrast, holding a track meet today is a very complicated affair, requiring

ing a great number of gadgets and pieces of apparatus. And just about everything on the premises has to comply with the stringent rules of the International Amateur Athletic Federation.

A senior meet for both sexes requires no less than four sets of hurdles, their heights ranging from 2'9" (women's 100-meter) to 3'6" (men's 110-meter). Except for those used in the steeplechase, hurdles are equipped with counterweights that allow them to topple over when hit with a force of between eight pounds and eight pounds 13 ounces.

The standards for the high jump and the pole vault must be placed at the proper distance from each other as well as being high enough for a world-record jump or vault. The original standards for the Montreal Olympics could only accommodate a vault of 18'6". In late May Earl Bell of Arkansas State set a world record of 18'7¾". Games officials are adding another foot to the standards. The crossbars may be either triangular or round. Each side of a triangular bar must measure exactly 1.181 inches and the diameter of the circular bar must be between .984 and 1.181 inches. The steeplechase water jump has to be 2'3¾" deep in front of the hurdle. Throwing circles have an inside diameter of seven feet for the shotput and the hammer throw and of 8'2½" for the discus. "Track is full of stinky little rules," says one equipment manufacturer.

The running track, a 400-meter or 440-yard oval, was covered with cinders or crushed brick until 1963 when the 3M Company laid the first Tartan track for runners. In 1970 Chevron developed a similar layout, calling it Chevron 440. Both companies use a polyurethane composition which is mixed and immediately poured from a tanker truck in two layers—a ½- to ⅓-inch base and a very thin topping. An eight-lane track costs about \$180,000.

As the running surfaces have improved, so have the runners' shoes. In 1950 a size 10½ Spalding sprint shoe weighed 9½ ounces. Adidas' 1976 model is a mere 5½ ounces. And Adidas has created a shoe for the Montreal Olympics—the Adistar 2000, no less—which is bound to transform every world-class sprinter into a bionic man. Its spikes are no longer needle-sharp, but blunt and triangular, each sitting in the center of a small crown of plastic petals. The advantage is that they no longer stick—ever so

briefly—in the surface and have to be pulled out. Instead, they actually rebound from the track.

The Research Engineering Corporation in Morrisville, Vt. has the reputation of producing the finest, smoothest and most precise throwing implements this side of the Atlantic. It is owned by Bill Alley, a mechanical engineer and former javelin thrower who set a world record of 233'8" in 1960. "The first javelins I made were painted black," he says. "Some throwers claimed they felt heavy. I realized that they could pick up the black when they reached back before a throw, because your peripheral vision spots the dark colors. I figured if I made the tail in a light color, the thrower would not see the javelin and would have the illusion that it was not there. Besides, I felt like putting some color into the sport."

Alley now makes javelins with white tails and orange or lime-green front shafts, as well as solid sky-blue and gold spears. He also makes blue shots, yellow discuses and gold, red, black or yellow hammers. Throwers are not allowed to bring their own implements to the Olympics, and Alley was chosen by the Organizing Committee to supply the 1976 Games with all throwing instruments, plus such items as hammer-throw cages, steeplechase hurdles, crossbars and his supersophisticated wind gauges.

Alley works in a building that looks more like a barn than a factory, but it houses expensive machinery. Among other things, he turns out perfectly round hammers of hardened steel filled with tungsten, a metal heavier than lead, that weigh 16 pounds exactly—no more, no less. Hammer handles used to be big and heavy like stirrups. Alley makes them of light metal with plastic grips. His hammers swivel on a ball bearing at the end of the wire, unlike most hammers, and they sell for \$225. "We make only quality equipment for world-class performers," says Alley.

It is possible to buy a \$7 lead-filled iron shot with a rough surface, an uneven seam and the shape of an egg. Alley's \$30 models are made of steel or brass and turned on a \$14,000 engine lathe until they are smooth, perfectly round balls. They are filled with tungsten chips so that they weigh exactly 16 pounds (men) or eight pounds 13 ounces (women). Because shots lose weight in use—tiny particles get chipped off when they land—

continued

Tools of the track trade: a hammer thrower's supportive belt (personally engraved), a starter's pistol, a thick set of javelins and a pole-vault standard.



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HE WAS A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW



LIVE AT YALE: COSCELL CONDUCTS 22-STUDENT SEMINAR

Howard was sitting in his office at the American Broadcasting Company. And Howard was talking. Howard has been known to talk. He may well be the most famous talker in America. He is now so well known, in fact, that even CBS' *The Match Game* uses him in questions. Like: "There is a new disease going around called the Howard Cosell Flu. For one day your—swells up." And the panelists dutifully fill in the— with a word like "mouth," "tongue" or "head." As Howard talks, the phone keeps ringing. It's Dave DeBusschere. It's Bill Talbot. It's just about anybody. From anywhere. In a pause between calls, Howard picks up a book which reveals something about Howard that might surprise his many detractors. It is C.D.B. Bryan's *Friendly Fire*, an account of the accidental death of a soldier in Vietnam and its effect on his parents in Iowa. "It's a compelling book," Howard says. "It's important." Then Howard says something that is also compelling: "Teaching at Yale was the single most rewarding thing I have done in my life as sports journalism."

Yes, he did. Howard Cosell—schooled at Brooklyn's P.S. 9, NYU and OCS, he of the magisterial tone and the ostentatious vocabulary—did teach at Yale. For 13 weeks last winter and spring as a Guest Fellow at Silliman College he conducted a two-credit, once-a-week seminar called "Big Time Sports in Contemporary America." When

the course was first announced, the college was immediately swamped with hundreds of applications. Cosell managed to winnow them down to 22 students with an impressively wide range of interests. Among them were history majors, psychology and American studies majors, young people of both sexes whose basic interests were in mathematics, economics, arts and letters, architecture, music—even Russian and East European studies. When Cosell dismissed his final class the students

gave him a 15-minute standing ovation. "I can't tell you how moved I was," he says. "I found out something about the young people of this country I had doubts, but they are tremendous people who care. I fell in love with them. Some are near-genies. I will never, never forget teaching them. Yes, I want to do it again."

It is highly doubtful that Cosell will abandon all to begin a new career as an instructor on *Sixty Six* or that he will forego lucrative network announcing to instruct the nation's youth on sports and broadcasting. Yet what he did for virtually no remuneration (less than \$600) was eminently worthwhile. If nothing else, he set a standard which other broadcasters might well follow when trying to explain their complicated and controversial industry to the public. Elias Clark, the Master of Silliman, wrote Cosell after the conclusion of the seminar: "It was said that your busy schedule would not allow you to take the seminar seriously and that it would necessarily be a series of anecdotes from the top of your head. Those slings and arrows couldn't have been further from the truth. . . . You did everything you promised and much, much more."

Cosell first became interested in teaching some years ago, but he was too busy to actually do so. When Yale approached him last year he proposed a course that called for weekly reading assignments, including such

court proceedings as *Flood vs. Kohn* and *Gardella vs. Chondler*, oral reports, exams and a term paper.

Moreover, he brought to Yale people involved in sports and broadcasting at the very highest levels: Bob Wood, the former president of CBS made the trip up to New Haven; so did ABC's Roone Arledge, Bill Bradley of the New York Knicks, Yankee General Manager Gabe Paul; and NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle.

"I enjoyed going," says Rozelle. "The students asked me just about everything and they didn't best around the bush. They asked me about the violence and 'slavery' in the National Football League. When the course ended, Cosell gave a party for the students at '21' in New York. I was sorry that one of them, Gary Fencik, couldn't be there. He was drafted on the 10th round as a defensive back by the Miami Dolphins and he was away at their rookie camp. I had bought a present for him and had it inscribed, 'Welcome to the violent slavery of the National Football League.'"

Some of the term papers were over 30 pages and I read many of them to my wife," Cosell was saying the other day. "The subjects ranged from 'Do Sociological Realities Confirm Jean Paul Sartre's Views of Sport?' to the Louisiana Superdome and municipal funding of stadiums. I gave out four A's. I came away with the feeling that those kids truly worked hard and cared deeply about what they were doing. Yes, I want to teach again when I get the time. It was a very uplifting experience."

And, yes, Yale wants him back, though in his letter to Cosell, Clark injected a cautionary note. "I have learned through long experience that the greater the success of the first go-around the more likely it is that the instructor will feel a serious letdown if he puts himself through a repeat performance right away. I selfishly hope that you will hold off on teaching next year and come back to us again in the spring of 1978."

Cosell would like to return to Yale in '78, but may teach at Princeton before that. And Howard on *Sixty Six* at 6:30 a.m. is not all that preposterous. The millions who love to hate Howard could begin their days with primal screams.

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The youngest major-leaguer, Minnesota Catcher Butch Wynegar, 20, is the biggest overachiever to date in the precocious rookie class of '76

When rookie Catcher Butch Wynegar of the Minnesota Twins hit into the first triple play of the season last week, it was typical of the kind of fortune that often plagues first-year men. But in his next time at bat against the Cleveland Indians, Wynegar did something else that was typical—of Wynegar: he hit a home run. And this by a 20-year-old who expected to spend the season in the minor leagues at Tacoma or Orlando. The youngest player in the majors, Wynegar has been an overachiever in a class that has produced some notable underachievers.

A switch hitter, Wynegar already has hit six home runs, five left-handed. His first homer was against the Yankees in New York, and he hit it off Catfish Hunter. His batting average has been around .300 all season; his performance behind the plate has been very creditable; and despite his youth he already has been tagged as a "team leader" of the revived Twins.

All this is heady stuff for a young man who two years ago was playing for Red Lion (Pa.) High School and writing "Dear Mr. Palmer" fan letters to Baltimore's esteemed righthander. In his first time at bat against "Dear Mr. Palmer," Wynegar hit a home run.

While Wynegar is not the only rookie who has done well so far, he is the most surprising. Yankee Second Baseman Willie Randolph, 21, was supposed to be outstanding, but he has exceeded even that expectation by hitting .287, leading New York with 19 stolen bases and plugging the credibility gap at second base. If the Yankees remain atop the AL East and Randolph continues his present level of play, he could be a live candidate for MVP.

White Sox Centerfielder Chet Lemon, 21, started off so slowly that it was hard to see any signs of movement. Lemon hit only .191 for a month and seemed ready for a return to the minors, but he has raised his batting average to .278 and leads the Sox in stolen bases.

In Cincinnati, righthander Pat Zachry, 24, has a 5-1 record and a 1.93 ERA, not bad for a man who worked six years in the minors and almost quit in 1973 when he gave up game-losing home runs three nights in a row. The other rookie pitcher on the Cincinnati staff, righthander Santo Alealo, 23, has cruised to a 6-1 record.

In San Francisco, Centerfielder Larry Herndon, 22, has hit .357 since being recalled from Phoenix six weeks ago and, says Giant Manager Bill Rigney, "turned us around with the excitement he created." In Houston Joaquín Andujar, 23, a righthander who had a reputation for ill-temper when he was with the Cincinnati organization, pitched successive two-hitters in recent starts. "I am a good guy," Andujar says. "I am not a hot dog."

The flake of the class of '76 is righthanded pitcher Mark Fidrych, 21, of the Detroit Tigers. Before his starts, Fidrych swings from the dugout water pipes like a gorilla, then races to the mound and molds the turf with his hands. He also talks to the baseball and waves his arms to direct it. So far the ball has paid strict attention; Fidrych has a 4-1 record, including two 11-inning victories.

As often happens, the two biggest busts among the rookies have been the two most touted prospects, St. Louis Third Baseman Hector Cruz, 23, the 1975 Minor League Player of the Year when he hit .306 with 29 home runs and 116 RBIs at Tulsa, was supposed to be a cannon but has been a cap gun for the Cardinals, hitting only .203 with five home runs and 19 RBIs. And Atlanta Third Baseman Jerry Royster, 23, the Pacific Coast League batting champion (.333) in 1975 at Albuquerque, may wear the biggest smile in baseball but his .226 batting average has generated only frowns.

For Wynegar, though, the major leagues have been a glorious place. Nicknamed Butch by a grandmother who stared into the crib of Harold Delano



Wynegar, Jr. and declared, "You look like a Butch." Wynegar has been the most exciting rookie to arrive in Minnesota since Rod Carew, and already the Twins' faithful expect him to lead the club out of its five-year stretch in oblivion. Says Twins Manager Gene Mauch, "Adversity never fazes him. He just keeps grinding away."

Maybe that explains why Wynegar not only survived his triple-play disaster in good humor, mumbling only "Aw, shoot," but also was able to cope with the problems he encountered when the Athletics stole seven bases against him in one game. As a catcher, Wynegar's main flaw seems to be an occasional slowness in getting the ball out of his mitt. He is also a trifle druggy about himself. Still, so minor are these deficiencies that to harp on them is like criticizing Hemingway for the misuse of a comma. "Butch is a great hitter," says great hitter Tony Oliva, now a first-base coach and an occasional pinch hitter for the Twins, "and he's going to get better."

At spring training, Wynegar figured that an impressive showing for Mauch might get him a job at Tacoma, Minnesota's top farm club. Once there, maybe

continued

the locals would have latched onto him the way they did last year in Reno, Nev., where he hit .314 with 19 home runs and 112 RBIs and where a restaurant now sports the sign: "Butch Wynegar Ate Here." Or like they did in 1974 in Elizabethton, Tenn., where Wynegar led the Appalachian League in hitting (.346) and where a restaurant will soon sport a sign: "Butch Wynegar Ate Here First."

All this could not happen, as they say, to a nicer guy. Wynegar already is an All-Star goody-goody, never pausing to drink, smoke, curse, chase women or even do anything as questionable as go to a PG rated movie. He did lose his head once in Reno and went gambling. "I lost \$10," he says, "and I almost died."

A bachelor, Wynegar feels that his \$16,000 a year salary, even though it's the major-league minimum, puts him in tall clover. "Shoot, that's a lot of money, for sure," he says. He signed with the Twins two years ago and received a \$25,000 bonus. "Shoot, maybe I could have gotten more," he says, "but money isn't that important. Besides, I don't ever want to cause anybody any trouble."

Oh, yes, Wynegar does confess to one awful habit. "I bite my nails," he says, biting his nails. Which is exactly what pitchers like "Dear Mr. Palmer" and Catfish Hunter are starting to do when Wynegar strides to the plate and splits into the dirt, just like the big boys.

THE WEEK

(June 6-12)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST Minnesota got a big lift from two homegrown pitchers and Chicago received foreign aid via a hurler from Mexico, but Texas got no help from its imported prize, Bert Blyleven. The Twins (15-2) were bolstered by Dave Goltz, who was born in Pelican Rapids, Minn., and by Tom Burgmeier of St. Paul Goltz (16-2) beat Cleveland 7-2, and reliever Burgmeier (3-0) blanked Boston for six innings in a 10-4 win, slicing his ERA to 0.74, the best in the majors. Rookie Francisco Barrios of Chicago (4-3), who was born in Hermosillo, Mexico, picked up his first big-league save when he held off Cleveland 3-2 in relief. Then, during a Mexican fiesta in Milwaukee, Barrios won his first start by downing the Brewers 12-5 on his 23rd birthday. Blyleven, who hails from Zeist, Holland, had given up

only three homers in 106 innings before being tagged for three more in a 7-5 loss to New York. Texas (5-4), though, stayed in hot pursuit of Kansas City (June 22).

Two slow-starting A's (4-3) were also on the move. Gene Tenace, who had not homered all year, did so four times. And Rolfe Fingers, who had only four saves in the season's first nine weeks, doubled his total.

Leading the majors in strikeouts was Frank Tanana of California (1-5), who fanned 10 as he handcuffed New York 2-0. That gave him 113 strikeouts in 112 innings.

KC 35-16 TEX 31-21 CHH 27-24
MINN 27-28 OAK 27-30 CAL 23-30

AL EAST The Red Sox (3-3) were again buffeted by the internal storms that have unsettled them this season. At the vortex were Carlton Fisk, Fred Lynn and Rick Burleson, all unsigned and all on the verge of being dealt away before the June 15 trading deadline. Fisk and Manager Darrell Johnson had a shouting match on Friday. The next day Fisk missed the team bus to the ball park, arrived late and was benched. When another bus left Fenway Park to take the Sox to the airport for the start of a road trip, Lynn and Burleson chanted, "Goodbye, Fenway. Goodbye, Fenway." Said one Boston official, "Strictly bush." The Sox hadn't helped matters when they lost two of three games against Oakland despite hitting eight home runs.

Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver, normally the most laconic of men, said, "I just don't know what to say." Rendering him tongue-tied were eight straight losses, during which the Orioles were outscored 48-22 as they fell from second place to fifth. Reggie Jackson, however, spoke up. After Saturday's 7-6 loss to the Royals in which teammate Lee May was twice hit by pitches, Jackson said that if Oriole pitchers did not "hit somebody tomorrow, then I'll walk off this team. But first I'll fight them [the Royals] myself. So I get whipped. So what?"

When it came to speaking up, Player-Manager Frank Robinson of Cleveland (3-4) let his bat do the talking. After refusing to allow the White Sox extra time between games of a doubleheader in Chicago for an on-field promotion, Robinson was told that Sox President Bill Veck might cancel his scheduled trip to Cleveland for a Welcome Back game. Robinson thereupon relented. He got in his hicks five days later, celebrating Welcome Back Veck Night in Municipal Stadium with a two-run pinch homer in the 13th for a 5-4 Indian win.

Two other dramatic homers helped New York (4-3) build its lead to six games. Oscar Gamble's three-run blast in the ninth scuttled Oakland 5-2, and Graig Nettler's two-run drive in the eighth beat Texas 7-5.

After being bombed 16-6 by the Rangers

and 10-0 by the Royals, the Tigers got good pitching and won four straight. Dave Roberts cooled off Kansas City 3-1, and rookie Mark Fidrych beat California 4-3.

"We've turned the corner with this victory," said Pitcher Jim Colborn of Milwaukee (3-3) after Sisto Lezcano's single in the 14th had beaten Kansas City 4-3. Around that corner, though, came three losses in the next five games. For his own part, Colborn muffed Oakland 4-2, hurling a five-hitter and benefiting from a newfangled version of the old hidden ball trick. The Brewers were awarded a run after a pitch by Paul Lindblad bounced in front of the plate, hit Catcher Tim Hosley in the throat and lodged inside his chest protector. Amid much confusion, the umpires correctly waved home Lezcano, who had been on third base.

NY 31-21 CLEV 25-27 BOS 24-27
DET 34-28 BAL 23-30 MIL 20-28

NL EAST "We can't knock the fuzz off peach the way we're swinging," lamented Met Manager Joe Frazier. He may have understated the slump: in five losses the Mets (2-5) scored just four runs and were shut out three times.

The way the Phillies (6-1) were swinging, it seemed they might knock the stitches off the ball. Seven times Philadelphia scored four or more runs in one inning, topping off the barrage with a six-run fifth during a 14-2 trampling of the Dodgers in which they batted around for the 17th time this season. The Phils also got three hits and three RBIs from Pitcher Jim Kaat as he beat the Giants 9-3.

Another hurler who hit was reliever Bob Moose of Pittsburgh (3-4). Moose socked the first homer of his nine-year career in a 6-2 defeat of Atlanta and also notched another win and his eighth save.

Rick Monday bopped his 11th homer as Chicago (3-4) snapped a six-game losing streak with a 7-6 win over Atlanta. St. Louis (2-4), though, extended its games-without-a-home-run string to nine. Slumping Lou Brock (.270) even tried batting right-handed for the first time in his 15 years in the majors. He struck out.

Others' troubles paled when compared to those of the Expos (2-4). Four second-year players on whom Manager Karl Kuehl was counting had miserable stats: Gary Carter was hitting .239, Pete Mackanin .223 and Larry Parrish .222, and Don Warthen had a 4.59 ERA and 1-6 record. What's more, Pepe Marquail, the team's top hitter (.292), suffered a concussion when Carter, a catcher playing right field, crashed into him while chasing a line drive. Carter emerged from the collision with a badly broken left thumb. And that's not all. Andre Thornton, who had come out of an 0-for-31 slump, broke the middle finger of his left hand several days later. Clearly, something had to be done to give

enough

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CONSULTING A
SINGLE
REFERENCE BOOK!

THE
BRITISH PARLIAMENT
PASSED A
RESOLUTION
RECOGNIZING
THE
INDEPENDENCE
OF THE
UNITED STATES
BY A
MAJORITY
OF ONE VOTE
-178 TO 177
Feb 23, 1782



BASEBALL continued

the team a boost. After much thought, Kuehl decided to make the big move: he rescinded the club rule against mustaches. Silly? Maybe so, but the Expos, weary of keeping still—and barren—upper lips, went right out and whipped the Giants 9-4.

PHIL 30-31 PIT 31-32 NY 30-32
CHC 30-31 ST, L 34-35 MONT 10-30

NL WEST John Montefusco of San Francisco (2-4) showed New Yorkers how good he is, Randy Jones of the Padres (4-3) continued to show San Diegoans how good he is and the Reds (5-2) showed everybody how good they are. "I've got to prove to the people in New York I'm as good as Tom Seaver," said Montefusco. After buying \$2,650 worth of clothes, the Count did just that, bedazzling the Mets 5-0 on three hits. San Diegoans have been flocking to see Jones, an average of 32,663 showing up at San Diego Stadium when he pitches compared to 18,905 when he is not scheduled. With 42,972 on hand, Jones (11-2) ran his string of innings without a walk to 46 as he beat the Mets 3-0. And then there were the Reds, and a handful of impressive performances. They walloped a dozen hom-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JOE MORGAN: Despite a pulled hamstring, the Cincinnati second baseman went 10 for 14 (.714), scored nine times, drove in nine runs and in two straight games slugged a pair of homers to bring his season's total to 11.

ers, four by Tony Perez, whose three-run blast in the bottom of the ninth overcame St. Louis 8-7. Joe Morgan swung a hot bat and so did Pete Rose, who had 30 hits. And Bill Plummer, filling in for ailing Catcher Johnny Bench, homered and had seven RBIs in a 13-2 drubbing of St. Louis. Cincinnati did not win by hitting alone. Against Pittsburgh, Gary Nolan threw just 78 pitches, only 20 of them balls, as he won 6-1.

Working with Batting Coach Dine Walker on "meeting the ball and driving through" paid off for Steve Garvey of Los Angeles (4-3). Garvey singled, doubled and tripled in a 7-4 win over Montreal, then singled and homered as the Dodgers beat the Expos 4-3.

Some fine pitching buoyed the Astros (4-3) and Braves (3-3). Houston won a pair of 2-0 decisions, Joaquin Andujar defeating Chicago with a two-hitter and Larry Dierker disposing of St. Louis on five hits. Atlanta was also a 2-0 winner when Andy Messersmith held Chicago to three hits.

CIN 30-31 LA 34-32 SD 30-32
HOUS 29-31 ATL 23-33 SF 30-32

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A steel belted radial at fiberglass prices— The Dunlop Gold Seal*

Each of the world's three biggest tire makers offers a popular-priced radial tire. Only Dunlop's is steel belted. The other two are fiberglass. The Dunlop Gold Seal Radial has two full width steel belts, a 30,000 mile Limited Tread Wear Warranty, and a price that usually means fiberglass belts.*

Two full width steel belts

That's two full width shoulder-to-shoulder steel belts. Not fiberglass. Not just a single steel belt under the middle of the tread. And the radial body plies are the same top-quality polyester used in our higher-priced Elite® Steel Belted Radial.



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That's not all. The Gold Seal Radial has a low, flat profile, and a wider footprint than its major competitors. Here are reproductions, to scale, of sections of the actual footprints.



Dunlop Gold Seal Radial Firestone Radial Deluxe Champion Goodyear Polyglas Radial
(actual footprints—size GR78-15)

30,000 actual miles

The Gold Seal Radial has delivered its warranty mileage—and more—throughout hundreds of thousands of miles of road testing. In a typical consumer usage test—conducted by an independent testing agency—the four Gold Seal Radials shown were driven an actual 30,000 miles, under varying highway conditions. At the test's end, tread groove measurements at tread wear indicators showed only 54% average wear.*



unretouched photograph—Dunlop Gold Seal size GR78-15—30,000 actual miles

Steel at fiberglass prices. The Dunlop Gold Seal Steel Belted Radial. Check it out at your Dunlop Tire Pro.

*Details and a copy of Dunlop's 30,000 mile Limited Tread Wear Warranty are available on request.

DUNLOP
THE TIRE PROS

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“What makes America work?...the



by Donald C. Cook

*Former Chairman of the Board and
Chief Executive Officer,
American Electric Power Co.*

America's land resources, which can help provide all our people with a fruitful life, are tragically under-used and outrageously over-regulated.

New rules and restrictions pour steadily from Federal bureaus almost extemporaneously, without necessary study. Rabid environmentalists tie up industry in the courts for years. Zoning laws are a jungle of roadblocks, stalling construction of needed plants.

In the face of all this, how can industry even begin to meet America's future needs?

Agencies charged with the awesome responsibility of supervising land resources commonly recruit people, including top administrators, who know almost nothing about what they are supposed to regulate. Inevitably, they take actions based on superficial knowledge or ignorance. And society suffers.

One shocking illustration: my former company must produce crucially needed electric power. We were told that, when we burn certain sulfur-bearing coals, we must install costly, complex equipment to "scrub" the gases. But these devices are still unperfected, and other methods are available. A high Environmental Protection Agency official once told some of my colleagues and me they knew this, but figured if they could force utilities to install them the companies would make them work! It was a frightening example of bad government.

The decent people who love the air, water and land have completely lost control of the environmental movement. It has been captured by so-called "public interest" law firms, city folk concerned

with their law practices and large fees. They are the greatest allies the Arabs have in America!

I'm a country boy, raised in northern Michigan. I know that one can love the land and protect it, yet still make wise use of it in the national interest.

All good men agree on the need for proper zoning, but under present Federal and local procedures it may take years to obtain permission to construct vitally needed facilities. Meanwhile, as we wait, our population grows, production falters and living standards drop.

Our land-use policies must be changed. They limit production, make it too much more expensive and hurt the very people they are presumably designed to help.

America is a vast treasure house. But the shackles on proper development must be



Formerly a surface mine, this land is being made into productive grasslands—a condition better than it was in before.

sensible use of our land resources."



In Ohio, 35,000 acres of coal lands were turned into a beautiful recreational area. This historic bridge was preserved by moving it several miles to its present location.

removed for the benefit of all. They have been on too long and already we face serious shortages of raw materials and power. The longer we wait, the worse these shortages will become and the less we will have to meet the needs of our people.

It is as simple as that.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

U.S. Steel and the Environment

U.S. Steel has been involved in protecting the air, water and land for more than a quarter of a century. We have committed over \$800 million to environmental control—more than \$100 million per year for the past two years. Often we've taken the lead in controlling pollution sources, and after years of effort, we are now working

on the last few per cent of such problems. As a pioneer in land reclamation, we have also reclaimed and replanted thousands of acres of mining land.

Environmental improvements must be accomplished in a manner consistent with other national goals and priorities. In order to meet its needs, our nation must remain strong and productive and make wise use of its resources, including its land. But, unless environmental requirements are sensibly modified, construction of new production facilities may be virtually brought to a halt, both because of direct restrictions on the construction of new facilities and the diversion of substantial amounts of capital to environmental control facilities that may provide little, if any, actual improvement. Our nation badly needs a mechanism through which balanced judgments can be made on these important issues. The alternative is the exportation of jobs and a weakened nation.

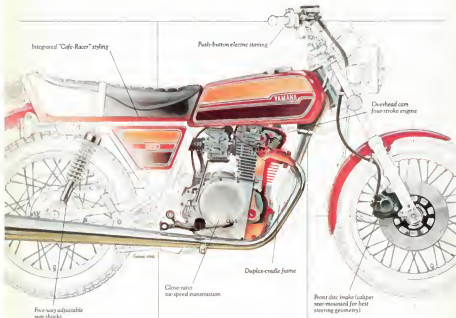
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Take the reliable overhead cam, four-stroke engine. Equipped with two constant velocity carbs, it delivers remarkable performance and economy.

No less remarkable is the XS360's total handling excellence. Derived from our world champion

roadracers, the light-but-rigid duplex cradle frame provides exceptional stability and cornering precision.

Some improvements are so obvious, we're surprised the XS360 is the only machine in its class that has them. Like a sixth gear for the open

road. And a powerful front disc brake. Of course it also features push-button electric starting and adjustable rear shocks.

But most of all the sophisticated new Yamaha XS360 is dedicated to one simple idea: The ultimate luxury is a motorcycle that's built to last.

When you know how they're built, you'll buy a Yamaha.

A successful idea, it has been said, is one that arrives at the proper time. To coin a corollary truth, some ideas pay off when least expected. Thus in 1969, armed with a blunt faith that seemed to defy logic, a New York engineer named John Bishop started the International Motor Sports Association as a refuge, in effect, for professional drivers who wanted to compete without having to sell their souls before the end of the first season.

At the time there were already USAC, SCCA, NASCAR and a variety of lesser sanctioning bodies offering competition on ovals, tri-ovals and road courses. To anyone with an ear to the track it would seem that Bishop's IMSA was about 20 years too late. And in its first year of full operation, 1970, the crepehangers appeared to be right: average attendance at an IMSA meeting was under 5,000 and the purse money for a racing weekend came to about \$10,000. Today crowds normally exceed 25,000; the average purse, excluding contingency money and other sweetening, totals \$50,000.

Bishop had worked from 1956 until 1969 as competition director and later executive director of the SCCA, so he was no dummy about racing. However, he makes no pretense that when he left the SCCA in an organizational dispute, he foresaw the need for another racing association. But, while lounging around not knowing how he would earn his living next, he got a call from Bill France Sr., then president of stock car racing's best-known sanctioning body, NASCAR. France believed there was room for more road racing, if the right format could be found. To drive the point home, he put up three-quarters of the capital that started IMSA off. IMSA succeeded, curiously, because the motor world into which it was born was badly crowded and cluttered. The decade preceding IMSA's inception was one of big, bowling machines, and fierce and costly competition between the car manufacturers. While it seemed a very poor time for Bishop to be starting on a few shoestrings, by the end of the '60s there were undercurrents gathering force that favored low-budget racing of the IMSA sort. For one thing, the big cars were sinking up the air at a time when pollution was a growing concern. For another, despite the emphasis on big "muscle" cars in sales

New but not unfamiliar

IMSA has elbowed into the crowded racing scene with small stockers that have drawn Southern comfort

itches, little foreign cars were taking a bigger slice of the U.S. market.

IMSA started at what proved to be the right time, but on the wrong foot. In the first two years Bishop tried a series for single-purpose racers commonly known as Formula Fords, and the most to be said for that enterprise is that the drivers fared marginally better than the men of Custer's 7th Cavalry did on the Little Bighorn. In the first heat of a race held in 1970 at Talladega International Raceway in Alabama, eight cars were totalled in one melee and five more a few laps later. Carson Baird, a good old North Carolina boy who is the current IMSA champion in small sedans, won the devastating

heat at Talladega. "I somehow went through a cloud of racing car parts without being touched," he says. Summarizing the near demise of IMSA in its second year, Bishop recalls, "We'd eliminate eight or 10 cars at a crack. Whango! The machines were inherently too fast for where we raced—and much of the time they were at terminal speed so nobody had any power in reserve to help avoid crashes. Nobody was hurt, and it was a heck of a show, but not the kind I cared to produce."

IMSA now prospers with a much different program based on two principal series. One is called the Camel GT Challenge for extensively modified production-line sports cars. The other series, which has been called the Goodrich Radial Challenge Series, is for small sedans. From now on it will be known simply as the Radial Challenge. The B. F. Goodrich Company, after spending \$1.5 million supporting the series as an adjunct to its radial tire promotion campaign, is pulling out. Goodyear, it seems, wants to use IMSA to promote a radial tire of its own and Goodrich, remembering how other manufacturers fared in the tire warfare of the '60s, is surrendering the field. As a parting shot, Bob Eisentrout, the marketing vice-president for Goodrich tires, said, "Where does an elephant sit? It sits where it wants to sit."

IMSA expected the GT races would be its main attraction and the sedan series the preliminary, as it were, but for a number of reasons the small cars have proved equally attractive to spectators and more so to drivers. Whereas a worthy machine for the GT series costs about \$35,000, a car properly prepared for the radial series costs only about \$8,000 and half as much to campaign. Although some tinkering is allowed in the smaller cars, notably with valve trains and suspensions, extensive reshaping of bodywork is prohibited. Consequently spectators can easily relate to the cars. An AMC Gremlin ripsnorting around in an IMSA race does not look like an outsize vacuum cleaner; it looks like the Gremlin in the show window back home. Because they are nimble but not too quick, the small cars can run in large packs. IMSA typically grids only 40 big cars in the GT series on a road course, but it can turn loose 60 or 70 of the little monsters.

To keep all kinds of cars active in

continued



NICK CRAW: FROM PEACE CORPS INTO THE PITS

his small-sedan game, John Bishop uses a practical, cold-blooded handicapping system. If one model seems too fast for the pack, it is in effect held back by some means such as a restrictor plate at the base of the carburetor. Sixty-six models of 24 different manufacturers are eligible to run in the sedan series. Forty-one models of 19 makes have actually been in it. Two weeks ago in the seventh race of the season on the Mad-Ohio road course, eight models of six different makes accounted for the first 10 places. Just about every machine—Pacer, Pinto or Colt, Datsun, Mazda or BMW, Gremlin, Hornet or Bobcat—has a chance to win, and therein lies the special strength of the game. Where other series have been spoiled because heavy-footed factory teams outspend the competition, that is not likely to happen in the IMSA sedan series, for there stands John Bishop with restrictor plate in hand.

There is one feature of modern IMSA-style stock car road racing that harks back to the dirt-tracking stock cars of leg-

end. In IMSA today, as of yore, there is a profusion of "good old boys" from North Carolina. Though still prevalent, the breed is undergoing change. For example, Russ Norburn, manager of the successful Miller & Norburn team that runs a BMW 2002 on the IMSA circuit, attended prep school before going to Duke. His partner, Preston Miller, who serves as crew chief, went to North Carolina State, and both regular crew members have college degrees. The entire Miller & Norburn team wears shoes and occasionally neckties. None of the team eats squirrel regularly or hauls mountain spirits to the cities in a hard-sprung jalopy to supplement his income. Although somewhat different in such respects, the latter-day Carolina boys still have the arcane knock their forebears had for getting more "beans" out of a motor than other mortals can.

The genuine anomaly of the successful Miller & Norburn team is the driver, Nicholas Wesson Craw. Dear Lord, can you believe it? Nick Craw, the jockey for

a Carolina stock car team, attended St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H., and graduated *cum laude* from Princeton. Although he did not get into the IMSA radial series until its third year, Craw leads in races won and is third in total points. Three years ago he tied for the points championship. Two years ago he was second, and last year he was first. This year he has been plagued figuratively by gremlins and literally by Gremlins, Colts and Mazdas, and stood only sixth when interim prizes were awarded at mid-season.

Craw is a smart, multi-faceted man, but he never lets this burden him or anybody. He has an easy boyish manner and takes the freakish luck of the racing game in stride. Beyond the ordinary griefs all drivers accept, the only injustice he has suffered in his driving career is of a trivial, biographical sort. Because his life has gone in several directions, Craw is a hard man to pigeonhole. Hasty news reports have stated that while at Princeton, Craw was captain of the hockey team, and that in his hunting days, he bagged a world-

Decisions...decisions

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18 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr '78.

record polar bear and mountain lion. In fact, at Princeton he played varsity hockey but was captain of the JVs (as well as captain of the sky-diving team). His polar bear and mountain lion were world-record class, not world records.

The biggest distortion still circulating about Craw concerns the two large fortunes that he definitely will not inherit. Because he went to St. Paul's and Princeton, one might conclude that he came from a family of means. Add to that the fact that he does race cars, and even in IMSA, that takes money. Craw is also a descendant of Daniel Wesson who began making guns with a man named Smith before the Civil War. By piling the foregoing evidence together, the press came around to describing Craw as "an heir of Smith & Wesson." Taking this distortion and making a real pretzel of it, one scribe called him *the* Wesson oil heir. In actuality the only stake Craw has in Smith & Wesson is a .32-caliber revolver that he bought retail in his hometown of Washington, D.C. The

only rewarding oil in his life is not Wesson but Kendall. Kendall Oil soothes the troubled heart of his racing BMW, as well as helping support the Miller & Norburn racing program.

Craw did not get into racing until he was 32, an age when the eyes of many drivers have crow's feet. He maintains the itch had been in him since he was 11, when he saw a Formula 1 bash. If so, he suppressed it well. In his school years he earned money as a tree surgeon, ticket agent, wrangler and shipboard steward.

His first job after graduation was with *Hope*, the U.S. hospital ship that served the underprivileged world. For *Hope* he scrounged supplies and equipment from more than 900 U.S. concerns. By the time he quit *Hope* to go racing in 1968, he was Director of Operations. As a racing novice he was very successful in Formula B cars, and his professional career was moving along nicely when it suffered a prolonged diversion. In the slack part of the 1970 racing season he took what he thought would be a two-and-a-half-

month consulting job with the Office of Economic Opportunity, but before he got back out of public service four years later he was not only a front runner on the IMSA circuit, but also director of the Peace Corps.

To judge by the record, he might have done well, moving onward and upward in government service. He remembers having only two major run-ins with government people. In a contretemps about the inadequacy of the Peace Corps in India, Craw and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who was then ambassador, called each other ugly names. On another occasion, Ohio Congressman Wayne Hays wanted him to fire Donn Eisele, the astronaut, who was serving as Peace Corps director in Thailand. Craw refused. Racing was Craw's chosen profession, and not his avocation as the press often made it out to be in those government years. In 1974 he went back to racing exclusively, and will probably live happily ever after at it, provided those Gremlins, Colts and Mazdas stay off his back. **END**

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It was no laughing matter when Marty Liquori, preparing for the 5,000-meter run in the upcoming Olympic Trials, strained a hamstring

Leg pulling is not funny

If it is true that what is past is prologue, every track fan in America should start worrying for Marty Liquori, whose diligent pursuit of an Olympic gold medal may have ended just when he decided which particular gold medal he wanted. At last week's National AAU Track and Field Championships in Los Angeles, Liquori suffered a pulled hamstring muscle in the final turn of the 5,000-meter run. The injury was a recurrence of a slight tear he sustained 10 days earlier as he was training on a golf course near his home in Gainesville, Fla., and while he may recover in time to qualify for the U.S. Olympic team next week in Eugene, Ore., it seemed as if history was repeating itself.

In 1972 Liquori missed the Olympic Trials, because of an injury to his left foot, at a time when he was the world's best miler. Now his trip to Montreal has been jeopardized by an injury to his left leg, at a time when he is America's top 5,000-meter man.

For a variety of reasons, two of which

were Tanzania's world-record holder in the 1,500, Filbert Bayi (3:32.2), and New Zealand's world-record holder in the mile, John Walker (3:49.4), Liquori this season had decided to forsake the 1,500 for the 5,000, a race that measures three miles, 188 yards, 2½ inches. Last Friday, as twilight graced UCLA's Drake Stadium, the longer race was 188 yards, 2½ inches too long. Midway through the final turn disaster struck Liquori as he was challenged by Dick Buerkle, with whom he shared a 120-yard lead on the rest of the field.

At the top of the turn, Buerkle passed Liquori and awaited the competitive response that is all too familiar to almost every Liquori foe. It never came. Trying to accelerate, Liquori was reduced to a near walk by a deep sharp pain low in the back of his left thigh. As Buerkle went on to win the race in 13:31.2, Liquori jogged in weakly to finish second in 13:41.0, his leg almost collapsing under him. Unaware of what happened, Buerkle said, "What did you do that for?"

before Liquori, visibly in great pain, limped off to the training tent.

Liquori may have asked himself the same question. In one of his few respites from an arduous European-style training program, he had already run 13:33.6 two months ago in the Penn Relays to qualify for the Olympic Trials. Several other athletes who had already qualified passed up the AAU meet rather than risk injury, and sprinter Steve Williams scratched at the first sign of a tight muscle. Liquori, however, wanted to use the meet for tactical experiment and the competition he had virtually abandoned in favor of running 105 miles a week.

"I think I'll do real well or really poor here," Liquori said on the morning of his ill-fated race. "If I'm right about my leg—that it's going to be O.K.—I think I'll run really well. But my training has been so poor in the last week that I might finish fifth or sixth. It wouldn't bother me because the reason I came out here, even though I knew the leg might not feel good warming up or whatever, is that I've just been training and training and not racing. I haven't been excited or treated a race as a race all year. I want to get back into that frame of mind—having a race and seeing the competition at least once before the Trials."

Liquori has a reason for the tedious training routine that has produced a low-profile season notably lacking in stunning performances.

"It's been tough," he said, "because even a casual observer of track would think I'm having a terrible year, which, on the surface, I am. I don't think I've run near four minutes in a mile this year and I haven't approached any good times at other distances. But if you look back at the guys who won in the last Olympics, up until six weeks before the Games they were also running like bums. It's because you're training so hard. People don't realize that, but I've been around long enough to know that the reason Americans seldom win Olympic medals in the 5,000 and 10,000 meters is that they let their pride get carried away. Every time Steve Prefontaine competed in Eugene, he was ready to run his best time. You can't do that. You can't go out to please the fans if you're pointing for one big race. I eased off my training for the Penn Relays because I didn't want to go up there and run like a bum. But I've

continued

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3. Improved cooling system.



4. Torque arm rear suspension.



5. Refined brake system.

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4. Vega's new torque arm rear suspension controls braking and driving forces. Coils and shocks devote full time to cushioning your ride.

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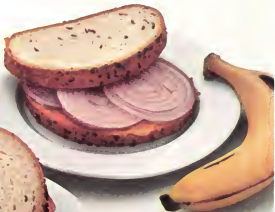
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They're both crackerjack
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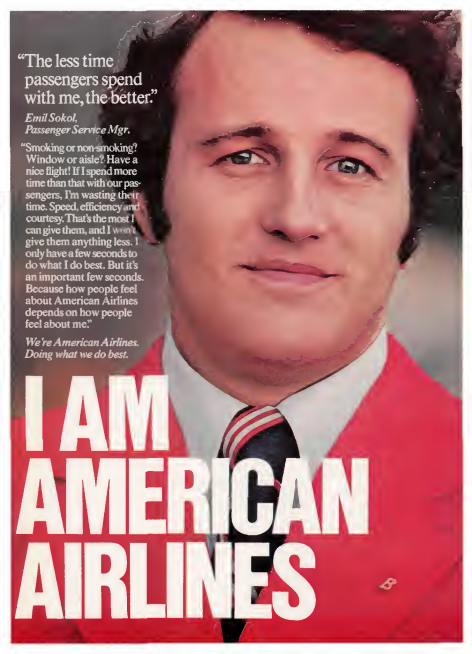
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A close-up portrait of Emil Sokol, a man with dark, wavy hair and a slight smile, wearing a red suit jacket, white shirt, and a striped tie. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

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run like a bum in just about every other place this year."

At UCLA, however, Liquori again was the shrewd tactician and gutsy competitor whom fans have relished in other seasons; the athlete, for example, who ran a 3:52.2 mile in May of 1975 in Kingston while chasing Bay to his 3:51.0 world record. Running easily in second or third place as the 5,000 field passed one mile in 4:25.1 and two miles in 8:49.6, Liquori took the lead on the 10th lap, yielded to Buerkle for one lap, and regained it to pass the three-mile mark in 13:04.8. The time was on target for the performance Liquori wanted, but then came the agony of the stretch.

Later, lying on a treatment table in the training tent, Liquori said, "I don't think it's a real major hamstring pull like a sprinter gets. It's more of a strain. I still have two weeks before the Trials and I'm sure I can get it healed before then. I'm not worried about the Trials but I am about the Games. I've lost 10 days of training already and I'm going to lose more when I should be in heavy preparation for Montreal."

"I've had hamstring pulls before," he added. "You get a sharp pain and then your leg doesn't go out the way you want it to. The hard thing is you don't know if it's perfectly well or not. It might feel O.K. until the last lap, like today, when the muscle fatigues."

Grim as the AAU meet proved for Liquori, it was a smashing success for a number of women. American record performances were turned in by Arthurene Gainer of Prairie View, who ran the rarely contested 400-meter hurdles in 57.24. Kathy McMillan, who bettered her own U.S. record by 1/4" to win the long jump at 22' 3", and Kathy Schmidt, who improved her U.S. mark in the javelin by 2' 9" with a throw of 218' 3". Late on Saturday, the final day of the meet, Jan Merrill set another U.S. record of 8:57.2 in the 3,000 for that infrequently run non-Olympic event.

Even as the crowd was urging Merrill to her record, Liquori, having spent an uncomfortable night, was flying back home. "I think he'll be all right," said Dr. Anthony F. Daly Jr., the AAU team physician. "I injected him with cortisone and started him on some anti-inflammatory drugs. If he had only one week to recover, I wouldn't be so optimistic. Two weeks should be enough. Still, you never know."

END



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SHULTON

GOLF / Barry McDermott

A wake for Wake Forest

Favored to sweep the NCAA championship, the Deacons expired as Oklahoma State and USC's Scott Simpson applied the coup de grace

Golfers are a peevish lot. They get annoyed at dry ball washers and par 5s they can't reach in two. But nothing disconcerts them as much as a blustery wind, the kind that sends iron shots into the weeds and turns the greens to linoleum. Good wind players usually are short ballers, guys who make a score out of bounce, bounce, one-putt.

At the NCAA Golf Championship in Albuquerque last week, a fierce wind raked the Rio Grande valley, making most of the players wonder if hang gliding might be an easier game. Everyone was trying to figure out a way to stop Wake Forest, which basically had the same team that won the 1974 and 1975 titles, a squad anchored by junior Curtis Strange and senior Jay Haas.

The pair rivals such college tandems of the past as Kermit Zarley and Homero Blancas at Houston; Jacky Cupit and Phil Rodgers, also at Houston, and Tom Kite and Ben Crenshaw, who played together at Texas. Strange won the NCAA individual title in 1974 and Haas took it last year when Wake Forest made the rest of the field look like a bunch of cross-handed caddies, winning by 33 strokes.

But even though Wake Forest Coach Jesse Haddock's team had won 11 straight tournaments by an average margin of 24 strokes, he was taking no chances. His 1969 and 1971 teams looked strong enough to play in the Ryder Cup and they wound up as NCAA losers.

"He's smoking eight packs of cigarettes a day," said Haas. "This tournament golf is going to kill him."

Not everyone was willing to give the team trophy to Wake Forest. Brigham Young also came to Albuquerque undefeated; moreover, Cougars had finished one-two individually in every tournament. And Oklahoma State, though without a senior, was a threat, especially because the Cowboys were acquainted with the whims of the wind. Said State's David Edwards, "All the talk just puts more pressure on Wake Forest."

After the first two rounds of play, several things were apparent: the tournament site, the University of New Mexico's South Course, was playing on a par with Augusta National; the golfers needed stabilizers on their shirts to keep from blowing into Arizona; Wake Forest had swallowed the proverbial golf ball; and today's college golfers have trouble reading, at least on the greens.

Oklahoma State led after 36 holes, mostly because Britt Harrison was not playing like the freshman he is. His rounds of 71-69, four under par, led the individual race and contributed to his team's nine-stroke margin over Brigham Young. Wake Forest was tied with surprising New Mexico for third, another stroke back and the Deacons' anchor-men were dragging. Haas had 74-76, and Strange, after an opening 68 Wednesday in which he eagled his first and last holes, shot a 75 on Thursday and said he saw a rattlesnake on the 17th hole. He saw a double-bogey on the 18th.

Last year Wake Forest started out slowly also, and Oklahoma State faded at the end. But Mike Holder, the Cowboy coach, thought he had a team that could hang in this time. It included lettermen Lindy Miller, who was over par in only one 1976 tournament; Tom Jones, an All-America as a freshman; and Jaime Gonzalez, a Brazilian with a 26-inch waist and a heavyweight's golf game. Joining them were Edwards, the brother of touring pro Danny Edwards, and the big, rawboned Harrison, rated by Holder as the best high school player in the country last year. Harrison is a definite threat to clean out a buffet table, and a man who, if the Dallas Cowboy computer ever gets his dimensions, could go high in the pro draft as a middle linebacker.

Strange has won three collegiate tournaments with eagles on the last hole, and his team's spirits were lifted on Friday when he clipped in for an eagle on the 18th. "We've got the momentum now,"

he said, even though Wake Forest still trailed Oklahoma State by nine shots and was in fourth place, behind Brigham Young and New Mexico as well.

The individual competition was a lot closer. Harrison has a reputation as a fast gainer. He once picked up six pounds during one meal. On the back nine Friday he picked up bogeys as if they were French fries, shot a 42 for a 78 and dropped out of contention. Strange's eagle left him with a 70, tied for second place with Rice's Barton Goodwin at 213, three under par. The leader was Jeff Sanders at 212. Hardly anyone was aware of Southern Cal's Scott Simpson, four strokes back at 216.

Because his Oregon team was pretty much out of it, Sanders had played during the morning, when the wind was light, and shot a 68. "It was almost like giving him a handicap," said Strange.

"Whenever they tell me to tee off, that's when I tee off," answered the short, blond Sanders, whose tournament record was relatively undistinguished. He had failed to qualify for three U.S. Amateurs but, as he pointed out, did play in two U.S. juniors events.

Sanders went out early Saturday also, turned in a 73 and settled back to putting practice and scoreboard watching for the next six hours as he waited to see if anyone could match his three-under-par 285.

Meanwhile, Oklahoma State was busy wrapping up the team title. During the late '30s and early '60s, Houston dominated college golf. Coached by Dave Williams, the Cougars won 12 NCAA tournaments in 15 years. One of the losses occurred in 1963 when Oklahoma State took its only championship. All told, the Cowboys had been second six times.

But State was not playing for second this time. Its four leaders toured the front nine in a combined one over par, blunted a threat by Brigham Young, buried any hopes of a Wake Forest rally and went on to win by seven strokes with a total of 1,166. Brigham Young was second, with Houston edging Wake Forest by a stroke for third.

Now only the individual championship remained, and what a battle it was. Although Strange never has finished worse than ninth in a collegiate event, he had not won a college tournament this year, and his chances for the NCAA title were scuttled when he bogeyed the

16th hole, driving onto a sandy mess. He went on to shoot a 75 for a 288 and seventh place, two strokes behind his twin Allan, who plays for East Tennessee State and finished fourth. It was the first time Allan had beaten Curtis in their college careers and when the twins played together Friday they attracted the largest gallery of the day.

"I was pretty nervous coming into this," Allan said after the round. "He's fierce to play with."

That apparently left only Goodwin of Rice with a chance to catch Sanders. Goodwin, who needed an invitation to the tournament because his team did not qualify, was in the lead even though he was playing erratically. With Sanders in the clubhouse at three under, Goodwin seemed a shoo-in when he eagled the 10th hole to go six under. Then he missed six of the last seven greens and found himself standing in a sand trap on the 18th, needing a par to win the title by a stroke.

The 20-year-old sophomore blasted out and then, putting left-handed, his natural style on the greens, sank a seven-footer for par and walked off to applause and congratulations. "I'm glad he won it that way," said Sanders. "To get it up and down out of a bunker on the last hole, that's impressive."

But wait! Communication at the NCAA tournament rivals an Angolan army's, and word trickled back that Southern Cal's Simpson was out on the front nine also four under for the tournament. Simpson had started his round on the 10th tee in the last threesome of the day and had been all but forgotten because USC was well back in the team standings. But after driving into the rough, playing a safe iron shot and waiting for 10 minutes while the group ahead looked for a lost ball, he was standing in front of the par-five 9th hole—his last—with a chance to beat Goodwin.

With most of the crowd up at the scoreboard thinking Goodwin had won, and the sun setting, the junior from San Diego wedged up to 18 feet behind the hole. His birdie putt was in, if only it reached the hole. As onlookers yelled "Go, go!", the ball rolled to the edge of the hole and Simpson jumped into the air. When he landed, he was the NCAA champion, having finished with a final round of 67. The wind had stopped blowing, but Simpson was probably too excited to notice.

END

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SHULTON



A Turn Along The



Old Pike

by Bil Gilbert

Historic U.S. 40 extends from coast to coast as it descends in time. Along the way the author experiences a Bicentennial amalgam of sporting America. The first of three parts.

CONTINUED

People who have never been there know all about Atlantic City. It is part of our folklore—the Steel Pier, saltwater taffy, the Boardwalk, St. Charles Place and Park Place. There also is Albany, an east-west avenue that dead-ends at the Boardwalk in a kind of alley between a motor inn and an apartment building. Obscured by commercial displays and advertisements are signs indicating that Albany is also U.S. Route 40, and as such is the beginning, or the very end, of one of the most distinguished and interesting transcontinental roads in North America.

Let's assume it is the beginning. You can make a U-turn at the Boardwalk and head west. Drive out of Atlantic City, across New Jersey, a bit of Delaware, Maryland, cut the corner of Pennsylvania, cross the neck of West Virginia, then on through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California. You end up just a few blocks from San Francisco's China Town without ever having left Route 40 or one of its direct numerical descendants.

Route 40 runs through the middle of the U.S., geographically and in other ways. The road is a kind of mean, along which virtually every extreme of America and every sort of American can be met. And while it progresses horizontally in space across the continent, 40 descends vertically in time through our history. There are sections that once were a buffalo trace, an Indian pathway, a drovers' and emigrants' trail. It has been, or is, a foot, wagon, stage, bicycle, tin lizzie, cab-over-engine, gas-guzzler highway.

One could begin the trip any day, but the Fourth of July seems appropriate. Stop at almost any little town along the way and you will find a safe, sane and institutionalized Fourth celebration. They seem to merge into one: after the parades and supper, the townspeople stroll down the sidewalks, marvelous tunnels of summer foliage shortly to be pierced by porch and street lights, to a park bordering on a small lake. On a peninsula the police and fire departments are readying a 45-minute display of fireworks. The pyrotechnicians work in a cordoned-off area.

By eight o'clock the street and lakeshore are jammed. Some spectators have brought lawn chairs. Others sprawl on the grass for comfort or courtship. People mill around and gossip; children run and squeal. A park bench has been draped with a fishing seine. It holds a stomach-down infant who watches from his foam pad. Ice-cream vendors circulate and a soft-drink wagon parked near the ambulance is doing a rush business.

When it becomes dark the police shoot the works—rockets, star-bursts, pinwheels. The spectators "Oooh" and "Aaah," which by tradition is what you say about fireworks.

Some young bloods are shooting off private, illegal stocks of rockets, zebras and cherry bombs. Breathlessly, the outlaws tell two admiring girls how they just made a teacher jump with a cherry bomb, how they have outwitted and outrun cops who have been trying to catch them. The girls think the scowflaws are cool, but adults warn that somebody is going to get hurt, that a few hoodlums are going to spoil the night for everyone. In fact, nobody gets hurt and the outlaws do nearly as much as the police to make it a Real Old-Fashioned Fourth. The Fourth and Halloween were once feral festivals celebrating the notion that good red-blooded Americans are naturally and rightly hell-raisers.

Years ago the Fourth was given over to pageant committees, promoters of shopping centers and park rangers. The new style is probably less dangerous than the old and that is probably good. But the Fourth is less stimulating



In the evening, the police shoot the works.



For the kids, the coach has his own hustle.

than it once was and that is probably bad. What has happened to the Fourth is another mixed blessing.

NORTHEASTERN MARYLAND

After wobbling through New Jersey, Route 40 crosses the Delaware River and heads south. In Baltimore it turns right and finally heads purposefully into the midlands. Highways buffy are sometimes disdainful of the Atlantic City-Baltimore segment of Route 40. They contend that it wanders about with no more dignity than a suburban lane; that it was arbitrarily and awkwardly grafted onto a mighty transcontinental route.

There are grounds for these complaints. Historically and logically (at least according to the logic of the U.S. highway grid), 40 should begin in Baltimore or perhaps even further due east in, say, Dover. Whatever the road angling from Atlantic City past Philadelphia to Baltimore is, it should not be called 40, but rather something odd, like 3. In the mid-1920s the Bureau of Public Roads imposed a standard numerical system on what was then a terrible confusion of locally named, nicknamed and color-coded routes. Since that time federal highways running east and west are supposedly designated by even numbers, north-south ones by odd.

Route 40 between the Philadelphia area and Baltimore is an easy, relaxing road to drive now, far different from the days before the interstates were built in the 1960s. The road is a backwater used by local traffic. Its style is Highway

Gothic, circa 1955. It is lined, mile after mile, with motels, gas stations and tourist shops, most of which were established during the glory days when 40 was perhaps the busiest highway in the country. Now the surviving businesses have a seedy, sickly look. Many have died.

If anyone is inclined to establish a monument to the highway culture of America, he should buy up a few miles of 40 in northeastern Maryland and preserve it, just as it stands. All the components are there: greasy food, venal mechanics, blackened foliage, tourist-court rooms smelling of space heaters and linoleum; the sense of power, speed, danger; double-clutching rigs, eight-cylinder beasts snarling with excess energy, pacing along hour after hour, day after day.

In the vicinity of Aberdeen there is an old gas station, so long abandoned that weeds are growing through the concrete of the service area. A sign above the rusty pumps reads GAS—23.8¢. Maybe that is all that is needed as a memorial.

BALTIMORE

The Baltimore Beltway offers the easy way around while Route 40 plunges into one end of the city and comes out the other. Either way, one encounters crowds. Not far away is the cement and cinder playground where most afternoons the coach is found.

Fifteen years ago he was a sprinter, good enough to be invited to the Penn Relays, but not good enough to make the finals. For the past 10 years he has been a supervisory trash collector, working the graveyard shift so that he can go to the playground in the afternoons. There he has gathered a disparate lot of boys and girls and molded them into

continued



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Route 40 *continued*

a track team. The youngsters practice starts, run their intervals and jump into hard pits while he patiently gives them advice. On weekends the team appears at recreation department, minor AAU and service club meets. A few times a year, when there is some sort of national age-group championship, the coach and some of his athletes will show up, no matter where it is—Philadelphia, Albuquerque or Los Angeles. He explains the logic of traveling a thousand miles so that a relay team of 12-year-olds can win a \$10 trophy: "Man, they have busted their little tails. They deserve the chance. Taking these trips, seeing these mountains, sleeping in a big motel, that is the ice cream and cake. Back on the playground, that is the boiled potatoes."

It takes money to buy ice cream and cake, and money just to keep a team in spikes, sweat suits, tape and bus rides to Philly, much less Albuquerque. The kids hustle, selling raffle tickets and stale candy, returning bottles, but the coach is the chief hustler. He hires merchants, businesses, community improvement agencies, chipping away for contributions of \$20 here, \$100 there.

"We got this broken-window system of finance," he says. "Like I hint, just hint, that if these little dudes aren't throwing a discus for me they might throw rocks through somebody's window. It is jive. The ones with me are the good, straight little kids. That is why they are with me. They'd be scared to throw a rock through somebody's window, and if they did their mommas would slap them silly. The bad ones, the ones that go around breaking things, are not going to come out and run intervals. Why do you think I put away anything that can be busted or boosted?"

"It's jive but it works. Those cats out in the suburbs coaching a swimming team, if they need money they go around to the rich mommas and poppas and say giving money will be good for the kids. Around here, we say giving the money will be good for you. You are buying a little protection. Why do you think the state and the feds lay out money for downtown games? You think they love kids? That is not it, man. That's not it at all. They give out bread because they're afraid if they don't their cities are going to get trashed."

The hustles always come up a little short and the coach manages to make up

the difference. He says credit cards were invented to get relay teams to Albuquerque. "When I get my check I take out enough for rent, food and a couple of six-packs. The rest is for the kids. That is where my heart is."

How come?

"Man," he says, grinning, "it is something to do. That is the main move, man, keep thrashing around."

It is jive, a put-on, a put-off, a defense against sentimentality, but it is an interesting thought to consider. Maybe the reason the coach keeps showing up at the playground, why the kids keep meeting him there, is that it gives them something to do.

THE NATIONAL ROAD

Once it crosses the western perimeter of the Baltimore Beltway, Route 40 begins its historic sweep westward. From this point to Vandalia, Ill., 40 was once known as the National Road, sometimes the Old Pike.

The first 150 miles of this 800-mile section were laid down by private contractors before there was a nation. This original segment ran through Frederick and Hagerstown to Cumberland, Md. There it halted, brought up short by the formidable Allegheny. From the central Appalachians, construction was suspended for almost half a century while technicians, politicians and entrepreneurs tried to figure out what to do next. The Appalachians, because of the difficulty of their terrain, the jungle-like quality of their vegetation and the inadequacies of technology, were in the 18th century a greater barrier to travel and expansion than the Rockies were to be in the 19th century.

In 1806 the U.S. Congress made an initial appropriation of \$30,000 to commence construction of the next link in what was to become the National Road, a highway from Cumberland across the mountains to the Ohio River. The building of this transmountain road, and its later extension westward into the prairies of Illinois, was the fledgling federal government's first major public-works project. Politically and economically it was imperative that the road be built. Without The Road the commerce of the old northwest—Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois—would have flowed inevitably down the interior rivers to New Orleans and then off to Eu-

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rope. Such a prospect was intolerable to eastern merchants and industrialists. Furthermore, though the United States had *de jure* title to much of the western lands, sovereignty was shaky.

Congress determined to make the National Road a superhighway. The enabling legislation promised to make the "crooked ways straight and the rough ways smooth [which] will, in effect, remove the intervening mountains, and by facilitating the intercourse of our Western brethren with those on the Atlantic, substantially unite them in interest, which . . . is the most effectual cement of union applicable to the human race."

It was directed that The Road should be four rods (66 feet) wide, laid on an eight-rod right-of-way from which all trees and underbrush were to be removed. Drainage ditches would parallel The Road and it would have no inclines "greater than an angle of five degrees with the horizon." The bed and surface were to be of crushed rock.

This final provision gainfully, if tediously, employed a lot of Americans during the next two decades. Contractors provided laborers with two iron rings, one seven inches in diameter and the other three inches. Broken stones to be used for substratum had to pass through the large ring, surface chips through the smaller one.

One day when a road crew was looking for something to do, a contest was arranged between Robert McDowell of Fayette County, Pa., who was reputed to be the fastest stone breaker in the west, and Captain Elias Gilmore, a supervisor described as being "one of the most vigorous men on The Road." In the course of a day McDowell laid down a string of seven-inch stones 16 rods long and four rods wide. Gilmore is reported to have thrown down his hammer and "yielded the palm" along about mid-afternoon. Average men, working uncompetitively, made eight rods or so of little rocks out of big ones in a day, for which they received \$1.

The National Road was not completed for almost 40 years and the eventual construction bill was in the neighborhood of \$7 million. But nobody begrudged the money or labor, for The Road when put into use was, according to one enthusiastic Congressman, a "splendid monument of the national wealth and national greatness." In 1822, the first year it

was opened to Wheeling-on-the-Ohio, it is estimated that 5,000 wagons were unloaded in that community. Before The Road, it took six weeks and cost up to \$10 a hundred pounds to pack freight between Baltimore and Wheeling. After The Road, the time and the cost were cut to less than half.

Most of the freight haulers used lumbering Conestoga wagons, which could carry up to 10,000 pounds across the mountains. The teamsters were addicted to smoking cheap (four for a penny) cigars manufactured along the pike in Washington, Pa. First these rank smokers were called Conestoga cigars, then simply stogies.

The Road is said to have been constantly full, teeming with life and action. Men who were there later talked of seeing 50 six-horse teams, one following another, steaming and straining to pull Big Savage Mountain. Nor did anyone who saw it ever forget a bitterly cold December afternoon on Meadow Mountain. The trees along the pike were plated with sleeked frost and The Road itself was a glare of ice. A pale sun was setting on the arctic scene when a stage came "dancing and waltzing across the polished surface." The driver's beard was stiff with ice, but he stood on the box behind the pounding team, hollering and huzzahing as he passed settlements. Inside the stage, waving to the citizenry and voters, was old Zach Taylor, speeding on his way to his presidential inauguration in Washington.

The stage drivers were the dandies and the hard chargers of the Old Pike. L. W. Stockton drove a matched pair of sorrel Winflow mares, Bet and Sal. He would leave Wheeling after breakfast, "larry two or three hours in Washington for business and libations," and arrive at his home office in Uniontown, Pa. by tea-time. At tavern stops L. W. would order a little whiskey to be poured into the trough for Bet and Sal. In time the animals became so accustomed to this treat that they refused to drink unspiced water. Cumberland to Hagerstown, a 66-mile run, was an "ordinary" day's drive for Stockton and the spirited mares. In the early 1830s, from a relief stop 20 miles outside of town, Stockton reportedly raced and beat a locomotive into Baltimore. Even so, he was not the unchallenged king of The Road. Pete Burdine, for example, drove for the rival Good In-

tent stage company. He was noted for his "dashing qualities," and also, in time, for a couplet he created. It ran: "If you take a seat in the Stockton line / You are sure to be passed by Pete Burdine."

By actual count there was at least one tavern (two throughout Ohio) for every milepost on The Road. At the taverns a man could get a bed in a bunk room, two meals for himself, hay, grain and water for a six-horse team and as much whiskey as "he saw proper to take" for \$1.75. Beer was unheard-of, ale was a tipple for dudes. Raw, young whiskey was the drink of The Road.

Most every night The Road swung from end to end. There were cockfights, quarter-horse races, country-style wrestling matches, fistfights, Old Sledge games, fiddlers, hoedowners and outrageous storytellers. James Murray, a wagoner, was well remembered for his "extravagant speech." He claimed that one night he had been pulling up Keyser's Ridge and the wind was blowing so hard that "it took six men to hold the hair on one man's head."

There were possibilities for romance along the pike. A young man, recalled an old observer, "would think nothing of getting a girl up behind him on a horse and hieing away after nightfall four or five miles to a country dance, husking bee or frolic. Many of the girls of the period considered it but pleasant recreation to walk two or three miles with their lovers to a spelling match or revival meeting."

One night when the party was lively, Joe Williams, said to be a "wit, musician and comedian," straddled a drover's big black hog and galloped down the National Road while playing a clarinet. Joe Williams was then a counselor-at-law and later became the Chief Justice of the Territorial Court of Iowa.

There always seemed to be something to do along The Road. Men who were there claimed it was like standing beside a mighty river, a fast-flowing current of commerce and humanity.

The river, however, was shortly to run dry. By 1852 the railroads had pierced the Appalachians. From Baltimore to the Mississippi, rails paralleled the National Road and replaced it as a system of transport and travel. The feds turned The Road over to the states and they in turn passed sections of it along to counties, communities and even private owners. Quickly the great highway fell into dis-

continued



The Moscow Mule.

(Smirnoff and 7UP®)

Over the years it has become clear that there are several schools of thought as to just what goes into a Moscow Mule. Besides the Smirnoff.

There are the gingerbeerists. The gingeraleites. And the 7UP loyalists. As for ourselves, we hate to take sides.

We did, however, publish the 7UP recipe some years ago, and it caught on so well that it seems a good idea to repeat it here. We only hope that whichever way you make the Moscow Mule, you'll handle it with appropriate caution.

It gets its name, after all, from an animal with a kick.



To make a Moscow Mule, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass or mug with ice. Fill with 7UP.

Smirnoff
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Of all menthol 100's: Iceberg 100's are lowest in tar!

Actually 65% lower
tar than the two
best-selling
menthol Kings!



*ICEBERG 100's	"tar" 5 mg., nicotine 0.5 mg.
Brand K	"tar" 17 mg., nicotine 1.3 mg.
Brand S	"tar" 19 mg., nicotine 1.3 mg.
*Of all brands, lowest	"tar" 1 mg., nicotine 0.1 mg.

*As per cigarette by FTC method

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Route 40 continued

use and disrepair, becoming little more than a badly maintained, often interrupted local lane leading to the railroad tracks. The decay and degradation of the once proud Road, the disappearance of the way of life that had flourished along it, moved an old pikeman, maybe even Pete Burdine, to sing a sad song.

*Now all ye jolly wagoners
Who have got good wines,
Go home to your farms
And there spend your lives.
When your corn is all cribbed,
And your small grain is good,
You'll have nothing to do
But curse the railroad.*

The renaissance of roads began in the 1890s and was stimulated, oddly enough, by recreationists. This was the period in which Americans first went bananas over bicycles. The cyclists organized a powerful association, the League of American Wheelmen, a major function of which was to lobby for better roads upon which the wheelmen could wheel. (Making a "century"—riding a hundred miles in a day—was a popular feat in 1885.) The National Road especially benefited from the cycling craze, and by 1890 traveling the length of the patched-up highway was considered an adventure.

Within a few years the wheelmen were sharing The Road with the first motorists and shortly thereafter the horseless carriages took over. The National Highway was further improved to serve autos and highway culture was upon us. For motoring purposes the highway was first called the National Old Trails Road; in the 1920s it became Route 40.

Along the route one finds an interesting procession of roads. There is what is often called Old 40 or Alternate 40. This was the original auto road and usually is built on the bed of the National Road. It is now a hard-surfaced, two-lane, slow-going route. It passes through rural country and small communities. Along it are many buildings, taverns for example, constructed for the teamster and stage trade, then converted to serve early motorists. Recently restored, their 19th-century appearance attracts the crowd that enjoys quaint dining.

Route 40 (sometimes called New 40) was built in the 1930s and '40s. Designed specifically for auto traffic, it is wider (often four lanes) and flatter than the old wagon trail. A flourishing highway cul-

Of all filter 100's: Lucky 100's are lowest in tar!

Actually 65% lower
tar than the two
best-selling
regular filter Kings!



*LUCKY 100's	"tar" 5 mg., nicotine 0.5 mg.
Brand M	"tar" 18 mg., nicotine 1.1 mg.
Brand W	"tar" 20 mg., nicotine 1.2 mg.
*Of all brands, lowest	"tar" 1 mg., nicotine 0.1 mg.

*As per cigarette by FTC method

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method

ture grew up alongside it. Another few miles away but still roughly parallel to the original route is Interstate 70, a creature of the 1960s, a broad sterile ribbon of concrete running inside mile after mile of chain-link fence.

The three roads do not everywhere co-exist. In some places New 40 was built on top of the old one and in other places the dominating Interstate has cannibalized and obliterated both the 40s. However, where the three roads are independent of each other the traveler has a splendid opportunity to select the route that suits his needs, taste and mood. For the most part this pattern prevails across the continent, and in time the three roads arrive at the same destination.

CUMBERLAND, MD.

This is the oldest truly mountain city in the Appalachians. It began as a fort, grew into a town serving teamsters and canals and became what it now is—a tough, grimy factory city pressed between mountain rocks and the river. As in other hard-scrabble communities in the coal country, young athletes have been a proud export of Cumberland. College recruiters make regular stops at the high schools. There are always some strong, disciplined, hard-nosed mountain boys performing in distant stadiums.

On this hot July afternoon a football scrimmage is going on behind a Cumberland high school. Under the direction of several coaches, one of two area all-star teams is drilling. The teams will play an annual charity game in midsummer. "All-star" is a deceptive phrase. According to the rules, no one on a collegiate squad or with high school eligibility can participate. There are no blue-chippers on this field. The players are ones who have been passed over but who have not yet had enough football.

The all-stars are putting out in the hot, muggy weather, hitting hard as the coaches scream about desire and manhood. It is the way football is played in coal and railroad country.

Tim Frazee is a linebacker who lives back in the mountains. Each afternoon after work he makes a 100-mile round trip to get to and from practice. "I still like the feeling I get when I hit people," he says.

Gary Campbell, a muscular fullback, was the MVP in the previous year's charity game. He works as a bridge painter.

He says, "This is my one game a year. Maybe I could have played in college. A couple of little schools talked to me, but they didn't offer much. I like the 10 bucks an hour I get painting but this still feels good. I love this game."

Mark Coleman is a slight, black quarterback. "None of the colleges wanted me. Maybe they thought I was too little. I wouldn't mind going to college, but if I did I'd have to work. I wouldn't have time for sports. I'm out here because this might be the last football I ever will play. I don't like to think about that."

FORT NECESSITY, PA.

The National Road was the first substantial highway across the mountains but it was preceded by—in fact, in places was constructed on top of—older routes. The very first of these was Nemaquin's Wilderness Path, the ancient trade and war path of the Shawnees, Senecas, Cherokees, Miamis, Hurons, Susquehannas and Iroquois and of the first white frontiersmen.

In the early 1750s, having become alarmed by rumors of a buildup of French forces at Fort Duquesne (Pittsburgh), the British military and Virginia-Maryland colonists decided to push a supply line westward. The purpose was strategic: to prepare to defend territories already held and to facilitate the conquest of new lands. In 1754 Lieut. Colonel George Washington took command of 160 Virginia volunteers who were later strengthened by a company of British regulars. Using Willis Creek (later Fort Cumberland) as an advance base, the men hacked their way westward through the forest, improving Nemaquin's Path to the extent that it could be used by military pack trains, wagons and even light artillery. By late May of 1754 Washington's construction battalion had reached a swampy highland bowl that he called Great Meadows. At Great Meadows a messenger from Half King, the war chief of the friendly Senecas, ran into camp to report that a band of French was lurking a few miles to the west. Washington and 40 scouts surprised the French in a hollow on Chestnut Ridge at dawn on May 28. The Virginians killed 10 of the French, wounded one and captured 21. However, one of the party escaped the ambush and carried the news back to Fort Duquesne. The French immediately organized a force of 600 regulars and 100

Indian allies and they marched eastward bent on revenge.

Alarmed, Washington then dug in at Great Meadows, constructing shallow entrenchments, breastworks and a palisade of split logs. Aptly, if a little grandly, the camp was named Fort Necessity. The French arrived on July 3, inflicted heavy losses on the colonials and regulars and quickly drove them back inside Fort Necessity. Unprepared to stand a siege, Washington surrendered, and on July 4 he and his men were allowed to return to Virginia. They kept their small arms, but the nine swivel guns they had laboriously dragged into the mountains were abandoned to the French. Minor as it was, the engagement at Fort Necessity was the first battle of the French and Indian War, which escalated into an imperial conflict between the French and British and was to continue, off and on, for the next 75 years. (The American Revolution, geopolitically, was a side-show in this world war.)

In 1755, still pursuing their western strategy, the British returned with an army of 2,500 regulars and colonials under Major General Edward Braddock; Washington was a staff officer. A former commander of the Coldstream Guards, Braddock was a brave but stiff-necked soldier. Again the men worked westward along Nemaquin's Path, which thereafter became known as Braddock's Road. On July 9 the force reached the Monongahela River, where it was ambushed by the French and Indians. After the initial surprise the Virginia colonials reacted quickly and sensibly. They slipped into the woods and began fighting from tree to tree. The brighter regulars imitated them, but the sight of British troops firing from the bushes enraged Braddock. He personally set upon the nearest men and officers, beating them with his sword, cursing them as cowards. Eventually, he bullied them back into ranked columns, and in that formation they were cut to pieces. Four hundred regulars were killed in a few hours and Braddock was among the badly wounded (according to rumor, he was cut down by one of his own men whom he had sword-whipped).

Harassed by Indians, the shattered command retreated sullenly. On July 13 Braddock died of his wounds. He was buried a mile or so from Fort Necessity. After Washington read a brief funeral service, caissons rolled over the grave to

continued

camouflage it and protect the body from exhaustion and mutilation.

Fort Necessity is now a small but excellent National Battlefield Site adjacent to Route 40 a few miles southeast of Uniontown. There is a museum featuring an audiovisual program that explains and interprets the rich local history. Archeologists have identified and uncovered the outlines of the rude fort that Washington hurriedly erected in June 1754. A ranger-historian dressed in the kit of an 18th-century British regular puts on a daily program that includes firing a few rounds from a military musket of the type used by the troops who fought there.

The National Park Service program is dignified and instructive, but the *pièce de résistance* of Fort Necessity is a very simple, unadorned artifact. Great Meadows is still surrounded by an old forest of oak, maple, black birch and hemlock. Coming down into the meadow bowl out of the woods is a rutted lane, similar in appearance to hundreds of old logging and mining roads still found in the Appalachians. This is no ordinary road, however. Seneca and Shawnee went to war and trade on it. Washington worked on it. Guardsmen and scouts marched it, cursed it, bled on it. At least one proud, though defeated, man was buried alongside it. The lane is a piece of Nemaconlin's Path, of Braddock's Road. There are always a few park visitors who wander off alone from the interpretive program and the guides and walk a little way on Braddock's Road, starting through the trees down the trail, thinking something about it.

NEW CONCORD, OHIO

You can find track meets in Baltimore, football in Cumberland and rodeos, martial-arts festivals, hang gliders, spelunkers, racquet-ball players and slot-car racers along Route 40, but in the summer the sport that's everywhere is baseball. It seems to be the glue that binds us together. People who may be unsure about the meaning or purpose of a blue line, wide receiver or slam dunk, know about home plate, bunts and strikeouts; at some time nearly all of us have played a little ball.

On a Saturday morning in New Concord two American Legion teams meet in the first round of a regional tournament. The mowed field, lined with big trees, is on a knoll overlooking the de-

serted campus of Muskingum College. There was thunder at dawn, then just enough of a storm to freshen the air, brighten the grass and wet down the dust. By 11 o'clock the sun is bright and warm and there are enough soft white clouds to give the blue sky depth. Goldfinches and indigo buntings are singing in the hedgerows. Play ball.

Kevin McKinnon is 17, a 6'1", 185-pound pitcher who will be a high school senior in the fall. He throws smoke and some curves. Though he is a resident of New Concord, he is playing in the tournament for the Zanesville league. The Zanesvilles will play again this afternoon and McKinnon is being saved for the second half of the doubleheader. Even so, his father and mother have set up lawn chairs alongside the left-field line and are watching the first game against a team from Marietta.

"Actually, I enjoy a game like this more than one when Kevin is playing," says Jack McKinnon, an engineer for National Cash Register. "I get too nervous when he is pitching."

"Our summers are pretty much filled with baseball," says Kevin's mother, Doris. "Kevin plays in three leagues, five or six games a week. Chores, meals, vacations—everything—revolves around when he is playing ball. But I wouldn't have Kevin doing anything else. I'm happy he can."

"I was a bad third baseman," says Jack McKinnon, "a weak hitter, too slow, and I had a bad glove. I guess this is a classic example of a father hoping his son can do what he couldn't. We're hoping Kevin can play professional ball. I'd like to see him sign a major league contract. An athlete has a lot of respect in this country."

Kevin says that when he was 16 and with his family on vacation he met a man who said he was a scout for the Minnesota Twins. The man told Kevin to look him up when he was a few years older. Unfortunately, Kevin lost the slip of paper on which the scout had written his name and address. "I know I can do it," says Kevin of his major league ambitions. "I have the feeling way inside that I am good enough, that I will be able to deliver if I get the chance."

GREENFIELD, IND.

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier Poet (or, as they say in Greenfield, Our

Poet), died in 1916. Half a century later their Poet caused Greenfield folks considerable civic embarrassment. Riley's most famous poem was *The Old Swimmin'-hole*, a celebration of boyhood pleasures to be had in a small town. The swimmin'-hole about which the poet versified was a wide spot in Brandywine Creek on the eastern edge of Greenfield. This hole is almost directly under the Route 40 bridge. There is a plaque at the spot identifying the stream and swimming spot and noting their literary significance. About eight years ago public health authorities discovered that Brandywine Creek was dangerously polluted and it was closed to swimmers, waders and any other kind of human activity. News of the closure was carried by the wire services and these stories inspired a variety of editorials and commentaries, which, using Greenfield as a symbol, viewed with alarm the poisoning of the waters of America.

The subsequent notoriety has made Greenfielders very testy about water pollution. Still, they have not removed the old swimmin'-hole plaque from the bridge nor have they cleaned up Brandywine Creek. Graysish, heavy, greasy-looking water oozes over piles of garbage and debris. It is hard to imagine a more unpoetic-looking place.

Despite the mess, a fisherman sits half asleep on the bank. He is middle-aged and does not seem to be very interested in the rod stuck in the mud beside him. "I haven't caught anything," he confides. "To tell the truth, I am not sure there is anything living in there, though some fella from town is supposed to have caught an eight-pound cat last summer. I was laid off last month at the plant so I have a lot of time. I come down here to get out of the house and sit and think."

What does he think about?

"Mostly about getting old, being poor, about my nagging wife, and dying."

FRANKFORT, IND.

Pitching horseshoes is an ancient pastime, supposedly invented in early Christian times by Greeks who could not afford a discus. The rules were established in England in 1869, but for a century horseshoe pitching has been a preeminently North American game. Since 1909, when the first world horseshoe-pitching championship was organized,

the title has been held by an American, except on the four occasions when it was won by Elmer Hohl, of Wellesley, Ontario. Hohl and Curt Day of Frankfort are considered the two best active competitors. Between them they have won seven of the last 10 world titles, Hohl having a 4-3 edge over Day.

Day is a soft-spoken man of 58 who has lived most of his life in Clinton County. He pitched a few shoes on the family farm as a youngster but did not take the sport seriously until after World War II. Since then, in addition to his three world championships, he has won the state title 18 times, a feat not to be sneezed at since Hoosiers are among the hottest horseshoe pitchers.

Like baseball, horseshoes has become a game of statistics, the keeping of which is an important function of the National Horseshoe Pitchers Association. The vital stat is the percentage of rings thrown, 75% accuracy being the demarcation line between world-class and less-

er competitors. In tournament after tournament Day stays well above the 80% mark. In 1966, when he won the world championship, Day averaged 86.1%. Only Hohl (88.5% in 1968) and Ted Allen (86.5% in 1955), a legendary pitcher who won 10 world tournaments starting in 1933, have done better.

Day practices half an hour daily, often during his lunch break at the General Motors plant in Indianapolis where he is employed as a radio drill operator. "Concentration is the main thing," he says. "You have to keep throwing to keep the habit of concentration. People think the wear and tear must be on the arm. I guess anybody who pitches very much gets an occasional sore elbow or shoulder, but it is just like other sports: the legs are most important. When they go, when you lose your footwork, you are through."

Day takes part in 15 or 20 tournaments a year and arranges his vacation to compete in the world championships. He

says, "You come to the point where you would as leave do something else as go to a tournament or practice; maybe go to the lake or something of that nature. But once you have had some success you feel an obligation to compete and do as well as you can."

Frankfort's town horseshoe-pitching courts have been named in Day's honor. On this July Sunday the Curt Day courts are the site of a regional tournament drawing entries from throughout the Midwest. Many competitors are preparing for the world championships to be held later in Lafayette, Ind. Because of his skill and reputation, Day draws spectators even while warming up. Among them is Bob Pence, president of the Indiana Division of the National Horseshoe Pitchers Association, a strong competitor before his retirement. Pence begins telling stories about the Frankfort champion: "Curt was throwing in the World's against a fellow from West Virginia who was good enough, but usually

continued

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SPALDING

Question

100

not in Curt's class. But that day he was hot and Curt was a little cold. Before you knew it, Curt was down 28-45. A good-sized crowd had gathered to see the champion get upset. Well, sir, with everybody watching and the match depending on it, Curt threw 48 straight ringers to win."

Day has a distinctive style. Taking a short approach stride, he fires across his body, using a pitching motion not unlike the underhand delivery Eldon Auker of the Detroit Tigers once used. Leaving his hand, the shoe makes a three-quarter reverse spin before it reaches the stake. Most good pitchers put either a 1 1/2 or 1 3/4 clockwise turn on their shoes. "The crossfire and three-quarter turn are natural for me," says Day. "They work for me but I wouldn't want to say that is the best style for somebody else."

Day's first opponent in the Frankfort tournament is Ed Krull, an employee with the State Department of Correction and a solid, dedicated pitcher. Krull is

proud of the fact that he once beat Curt Day. On this particular afternoon, after a tentative start, Day puts Krull away 52-7, throwing 41 ringers on his last 46 attempts.

"You always press a little against Curt," says Krull, who does not seem to be especially surprised or dismayed by the result. "He is the best, and you feel that you have to do something special to give him a match."

VANDALIA, ILL.

The original National Road came to an end (because of a lack of money and competition from the railroads) in Vandalia, the old capital of the state. There is a Madonna of the Trail statue in the town square and the old capitol building is a museum. Few travelers who have followed The Road from the Atlantic Coast will want to pass by the old capital without stopping to look at the exhibits, to reflect on all that happened before 1839, the year

the National Road reached Vandalia.

An appreciation of history is a fundamental human obligation, one which peoples in all times have accepted and discharged. By caring about and being moved by the persons and deeds of our ancestors, we give assurance—and are assured—of a sort of immortality. Very shortly our times will be historical ones, our possessions antiques and we ourselves ancestors. Soon and forever we will be at the mercy of generations unborn, just as the Braddocks, Washingtons, the Seneca war chief Half King, the teamster poet Pete Burdine and the hog-riding counselor Joe Williams are now at our mercy. Nobody has ever remembered himself.

NEXT WEEK

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The Renault 5 has unitized body and chassis plus factory-applied rustproofing and undercoating. Simply put, this car is built to last. Which is one big reason why 1,200,000 Europeans bought one.

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—Dan Jedlicka, Syndicated Automotive Columnist, "Chicago Sun-Times"

Renault 5 gives you road-hugging front-wheel drive. Chevette doesn't. Renault 5 has a hatchback door which opens down to the bumper for easy loading. Rabbit, Civic and Chevette hatchbacks don't. And the Renault 5 starts at only \$3,295. (P.O.E. East Coast. Renault 5 TL. Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation, taxes or optional equipment. Stripes, Mag wheels, Sunroof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost.)

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—"Road & Track" Magazine

Renault 5 gives you the longest wheelbase of any hatchback in its class. Longer than the Rabbit, Civic or the Chevette. This means you don't sit as close to the wheels where the bumps are the hardest. Road Test Magazine says, "... blasting across a railroad track at full speed becomes not only possible, but delightful."

"... an artfully engineered piece of machinery."

—"Car and Driver" Magazine

The Renault 5 comes with rack-and-pinion steering, 4-speed synchromesh transmission, fully independent torsion bar suspension, front disc brakes, 31.5 cubic feet of cargo space, with rear seat folded, and Michelin steel-belted radials. And Renault has the unique toll-free Parts Action Line—which means most parts can be rushed to you anywhere in the continental U.S. within 48 hours.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE INDY 250

Sir:

You have proved the great worth of a picture with your shot of Johnny Rutherford and crew at Indianapolis (*A Slick Way to Wile the 500*, June 7). The photo communicates their disappointment at the interruption of a beautifully run race, their endurance of miserable weather, their uncertainty and their unspoken anticipation of victory.

ELLEN WISE

Philadelphia

Sir:

"God didn't make little green apples. It don't rain in Indianapolis. . . ." What a place to hold the 500—er, uh, the 250.

R. H. WINSTEDT

Fowler, N.J.

Sir:

In all fairness to drivers, crews and fans, why not set a 150-lap (375 miles) minimum?

Since Memorial Day is now celebrated on a Monday, thus creating a three-day weekend, the race could be scheduled for Saturday, with the two remaining days available in case of rain. The 500 has been rain-shortened in three of the last four years. Isn't it time a change was made?

HOWARD ROOF

Troy, Ohio

LACROSSE'S BEST YEAR

Sir:

I was pleasantly surprised by your article on the Cornell-Maryland NCAA lacrosse final (*Big Red Slicks It to the Terps*, June 7). Previously you had pretty much written Maryland off, in spite of its undefeated season and the fact that it was the defending champion. While Cornell was being noted for its victory over Johns Hopkins and praised as the team to beat (*Attack from Both Sides*, April 26), Maryland was going on to equally (or more) impressive victories over

Army and Hopkins, which you gave only marginal notice. As for the playoffs, I think there should have been some mention of Maryland Attackman Ed Mullen, who in the defeat of Navy tied the playoff record of seven goals and set an NCAA record of 12 points in a game.

This Maryland team definitely ranks as one of the alltime best, though it would have been nice if the Terps had won the title. Lacrosse may never have a better year.

DARYL BARRHAM

College Park, Md.

Sir:

Thanks to newspaper clippings sent by my father-in-law, I learned of Hobart's late-season surge culminating in a seminal 14-5 win over Ohio Wesleyan (in the rain with 40-mph winds and occasional snow) and an 18-9 victory over Adelphi, which gave Hobart the NCAA Division II championship. Two days later I attacked my mailbox for my copy of

crossword

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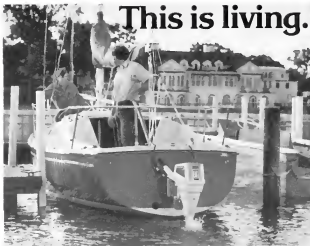
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19TH HOLE continued

SI to find a fine article by Joe Marshall on the Cornell-Maryland game but carry a word about Division II.

RICHARD BECK

Sacramento

SHORTER TIME

San:

Curiously, your reporter writes that Frank Shorter's 2:11.51 in the U.S. Olympic marathon Trials (*He Took Shorter a Little Longer*, May 31) was "less than one minute slower than the Olympic marathon he won in Munich in 1972. . . ." A glance at the record will show that Shorter's winning time in Munich was 2:12.19.8. In other words, Shorter's time at the Trials was almost half a minute faster than his Munich time. Right?

R. W. FRENCH

Pelham, Mass.

• Right.—ED.

San:

Over the last few years, I've noticed your articles concerning American youth soccer, youth football, women in athletics, drugs in athletics and religion in athletics. SI has made people think about the questions: "Just what are we proving by playing and watching sports?"

Bill Rodgers and Frank Shorter both came up with good answers in the May 24 issue (*In the Long Run It's Shorter*). Competition is only a vehicle for eliciting the best athletic performance, the best the individual athlete can give. Among lesser marathoners the measure of performance is not what the winner's time was but, more important, how many broke three hours for the first time or what percentage of runners even finished the distance at all. Sport would be better off if we all had the "it's how you play the game" philosophy of Rodgers and Shorter.

ROLAND PARENTEAU

Richland, Wash.

AS THE ROMANS DID

San:

Congratulations to Bruce Newman for his article *First Among Thuses: How Cast Stones* (June 7). This fine report brought back memories of a similar contest held on a much smaller scale in 1965 by my Latin club when I was a sophomore at Lakeview High in Battle Creek, Mich. My Roman catapult of the twisted-repe variety, powered by three large rubber bands, was easily capable of striking the chalkboard from the rear of the classroom.

RALPH C. SULLIVAN

Boston

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